THE

Methodist Magazine.

APRIL, 1892.

INDIA: ITS TEMPLES, ITS PALACES, AND ITS PEOPLE.*

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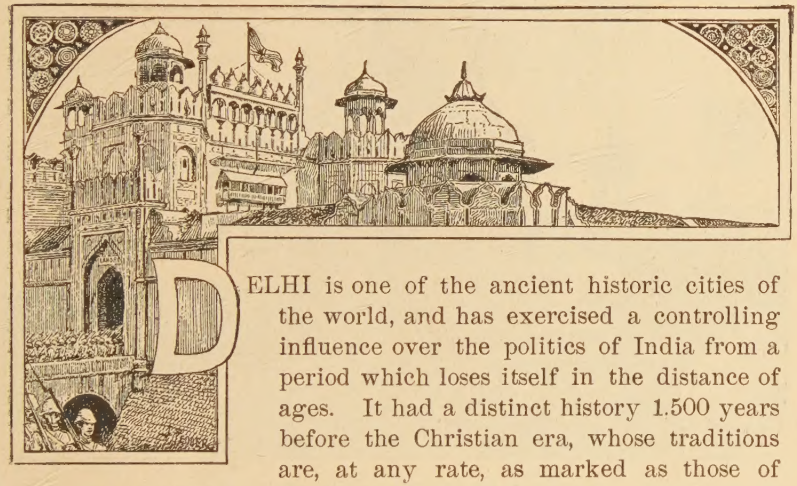


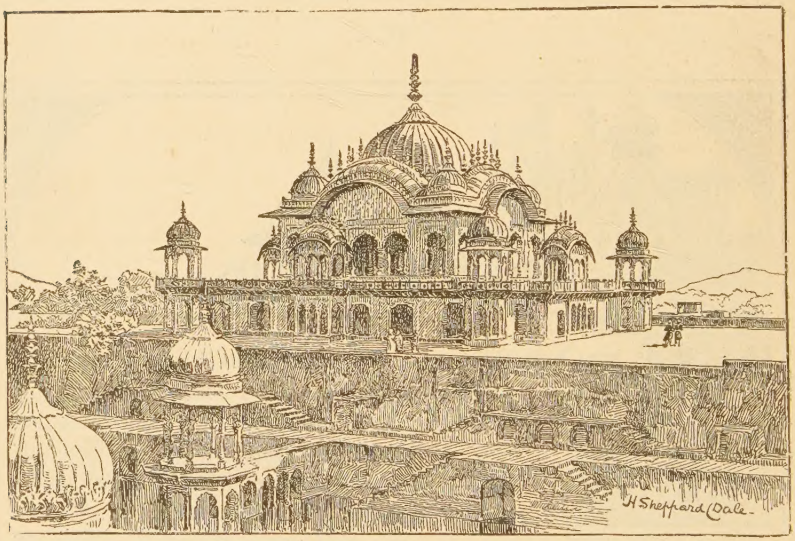
DELHI is one of the ancient historic cities of the world, and has exercised a controlling influence over the politics of India from a period which loses itself in the distance of ages. It had a distinct history 1.500 years before the Christian era, whose traditions are, at any rate, as marked as those of Nineveh, Babylon or the Exodus.

Seven ancient and ruined cities, with colossal fortresses, splendid palaces, stupendous wells, magnificent temples and mosques, and gorgeous tombs, stretch for twelve or fifteen miles on the great plain which lies between the Ridge and the river Jumna. Delhi may rank, for architectural beauty, historical associations, or present social interest, with Rome, Athens, Cairo, Venice, or Constantinople. It undoubtedly competes with Agra and Benares for the right to be considered the most historical and profoundly interesting city in India.

* *Picturesque India.* By W. S. Caine, M.P. 8vo, pp. 606. London: George Routledge & Sons. Toronto: William Briggs.

The city is surrounded by a high wall, strengthened with a ditch and *glacis*. The circuit of the wall is about six miles; there are ten gates, of which the principal are the Kashmir and Mori gates on the north, the Kabul and Lahore on the east, and the Ajmir and Delhi on the south. The population is about 180,000, pretty equally divided between Hindu and Mohammedan, who hate each other very heartily, and are ready to show their hatred at a moment's notice.

The Imperial Palace of the Mughals, known as the fort, was built in A.D., 1628–58, by Shah Jahan, the most magnificent of the imperial builders of India. In its glory, it was probably the

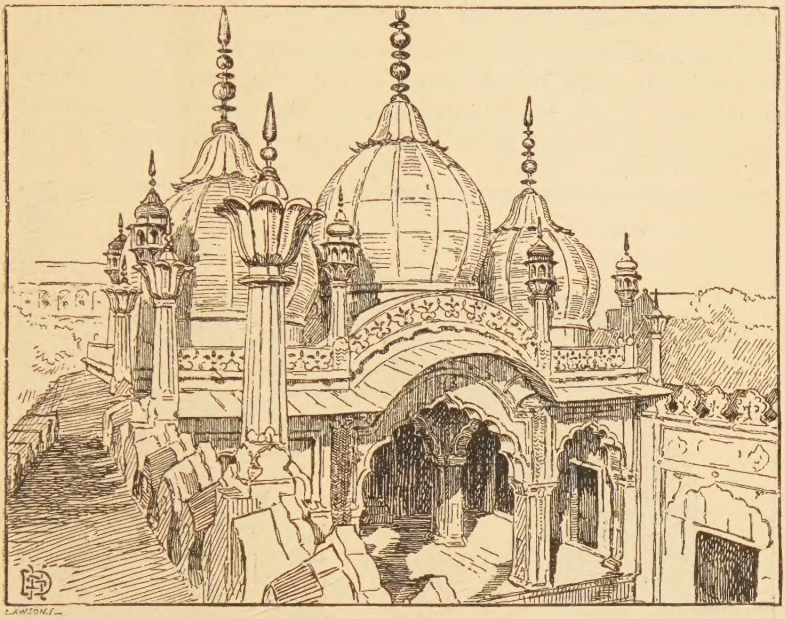


BAKHTAWAR SINGH'S CENOTAPH, ULWAR.

most splendid palace in the world. As its massive and lofty red sandstone walls, towers, and noble gateway burst upon the view on entering the Maidan in front, it is as impressive as the first sight of Windsor Castle from the Thames.

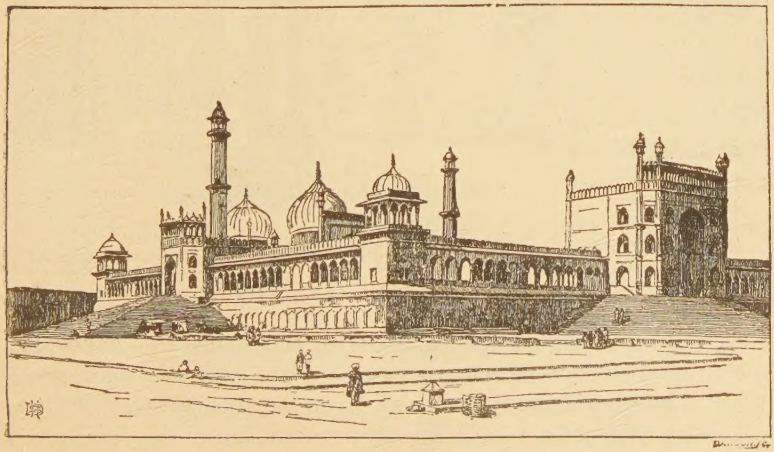
The jewel-like Moti Masjid, or Pearl mosque, sixty feet square, is the daintiest little building in all India, a veritable "pearl of price." It was built in 1635 A.D. by Aurangzeb. The arches are Saracenic, and it possesses a bronze door of remarkable beauty.

The Jama Masjid is without rival among mosques. Nothing in Cairo can be ranged with it, and the great Constantinople mosque is only the converted Christian church of St. Sophia. It stands grandly isolated on a plateau of rock between the fort and



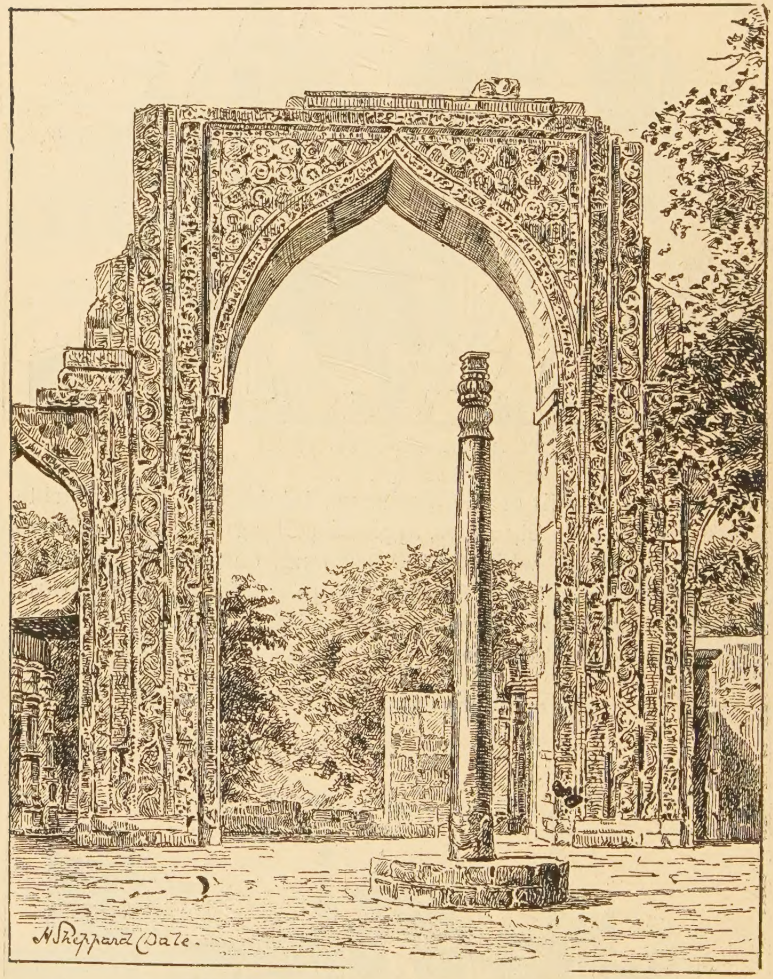
THE PEARL MOSQUE, DELHI.

the city, and is built of red sandstone, inlaid with white marble. There are three stately gates, approached by great flights of forty steps, the lowest of which is 150 feet long, on which hundreds of Musalmans lounge in picturesque groups. It is crowned by three domes of pure white marble, with two lofty minarets of marble and sandstone in alternate stripes.



THE JAMA MASJID, DELHI.

The celebrated Chandni Chauk, or Silver Street, the main thoroughfare of Delhi, is one of the most striking and picturesque streets in all India. It is nearly a mile long, and seventy-four feet broad. Down the middle runs an old aqueduct, now used as a footpath, shaded by a double avenue of neem and peepul

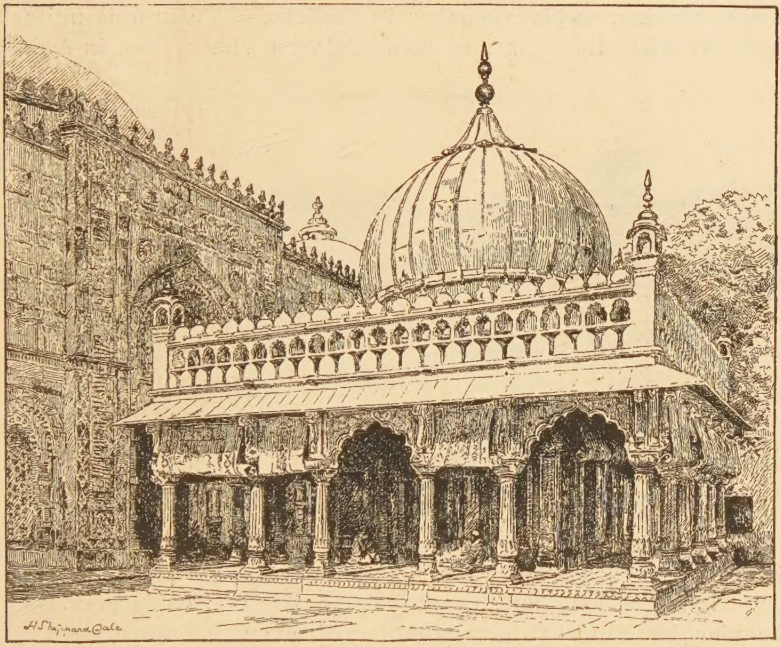


MOSQUE AND IRON PILLAR, LALKOT.

trees. It is lined on both sides with the shops and handsome dwelling-houses of merchants, whose touts are the scourge of Delhi, swooping down upon every stranger like swarms of flies, pestering him to come and see their wares, cramming cards and circulars into his unwilling hands, screaming in the same breath

the praises of their own shops, and the most terrible slanders of their opponents. These pests wake you in the morning, hang about you at breakfast, swarm round the hotel doors and verandahs, ride on the steps of your carriage, take short cuts, and come upon you unawares when you fondly hope you have got rid of them at last, and finally assemble at the railway station to curse you when you leave. Stony indifference is the only treatment.

The Kutab-Minar, erected A.D., 1210–20, and previously described in this MAGAZINE, is supposed to be the most perfect, as

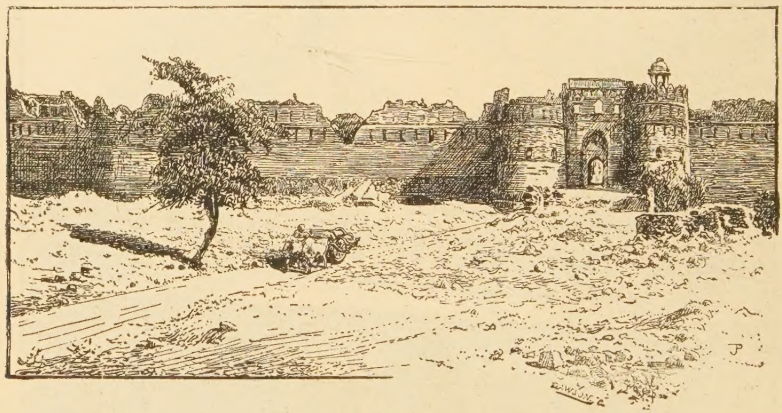


NIZAM-UD-DIN'S TOMB.

well as the second loftiest tower in the world. Its carvings are as fresh as though they were of yesterday's date, though it is 650 years since it was finished. Its beauty of form and colour—red sandstone and white marble, contrasted with the intense blue of the Indian sky—cannot be described at all. I do not know of anything that can be compared with it for beauty of design and perfection of proportion, except that wonderful masterpiece of Italy's great architect, the campanile of Giotto, at Florence, which was erected about the same period, and which is thirty feet higher.

The group of building surrounding the Kutab-Minar possess the peculiar features of a Mohammedan mosque constructed from

the spoils of Hindu temples. The great central range of arches, extending about 380 feet, consists of three large and eight smaller arches, the central one being fifty-three feet high and twenty-two feet wide. The great central arch is in excellent preservation, but the smaller ones are much dilapidated. In the centre of the courtyard of this mosque an ancient iron pillar stands, which is one of the most curious things in India. It stands twenty-two feet above the ground, and its base, which is bulbous, is rivetted to stone slabs two feet below the surface. Its diameter at the base is 16·4 inches, and at the capital 12·05 inches. It is a malleable forging, welded together in sections The iron is quite pure, without alloy. It is a memorial of a victory won in A.D.



INDRAPAT.

360–400. It weighs about six tons, and it is a striking fact that the Hindus, so long ago, could forge a bar of iron larger and heavier than any that have been forged, even in Europe, until a very recent date. The noble southern gateway of the mosque was added by Ala-ud-din, seventy or eighty years later, and is supposed to be the finest specimen extant of the early Pathan style of architecture.

The beautiful cemetery of Nizam-ud-din, where lies buried the brilliant Shah Nizam-ud-din, reputed to be the founder of Thugism, and the murderer of Tughlak, whose tomb, hoary and time-worn, is enclosed in a very finely pierced marble screen, surrounded by a verandah of white marble. The well-house is within the enclosure, and the idlers of the place jump into water, feet foremost, from a height of seventy feet, for the pleasure of visitors, and for half rupees for themselves.

Indrapat is the most ancient of all the dead cities of the Delhi plain. It was founded 2,000 years B.C.

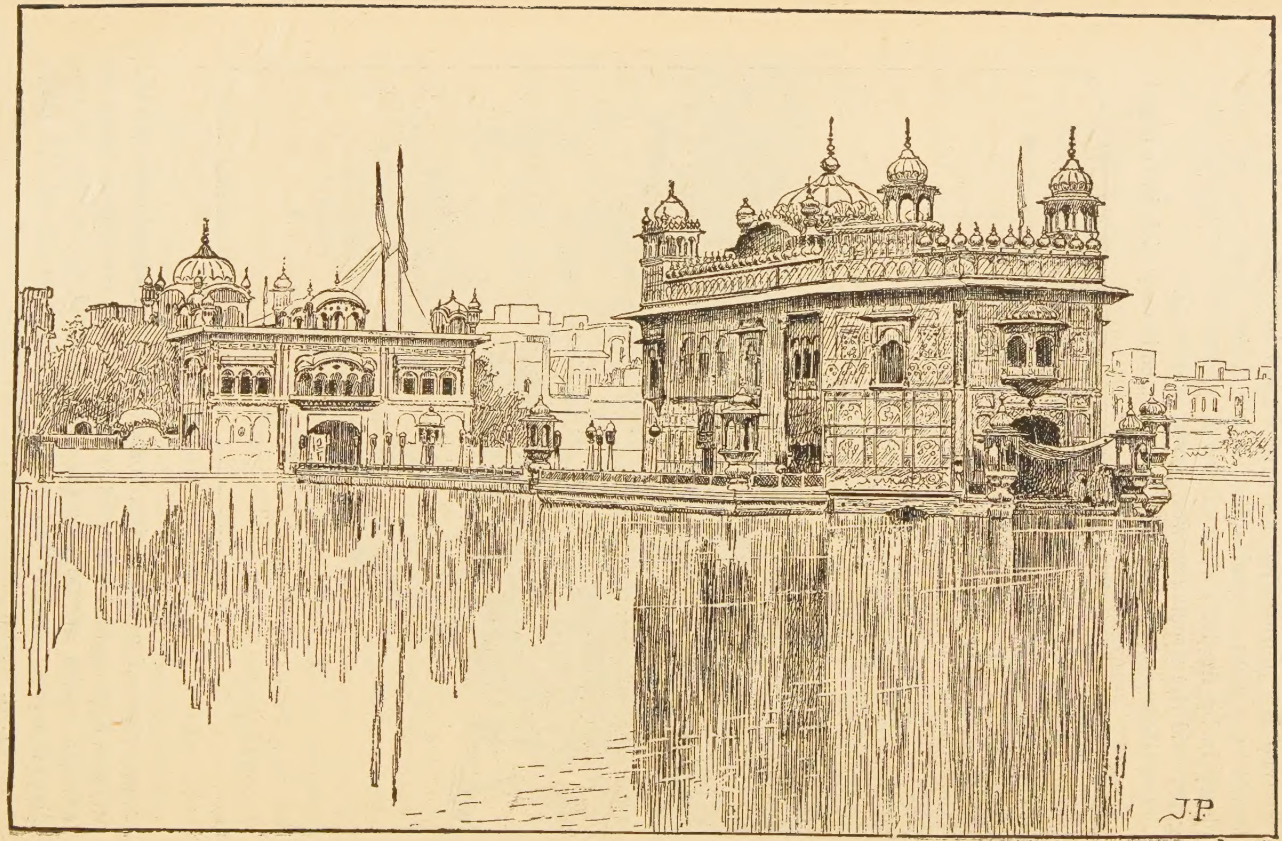
Ulwar is a picturesque town of 50,000 inhabitants. It is protected by a rampart and moat on all sides, except that which is closed in by the lofty rock crowned by the fort. There are five gates, and the streets are well paved and clean.

The library of the Raja's modern palace is very rich in Oriental

SIMLA.

manuscripts of great rarity, some wonderful illuminated scrolls, ancient Korans, and one book, a copy of the Gulistan, valued at 500,000 rupees, whose pictures are a marvel of delicate colour. The view from the pavilion of this cenotaph is one of the most beautiful in India. Sir Edwin Arnold writes of it:

"You look upon this bright landscape, full of old legend and busy traffic, from balconies of pierced marble—delicious little bowers of carved and



THE GOLDEN TEMPLE, AMRITSAR.

fretted embroidery, where the satin polish of the stone, the cool, smooth floors, the light filtering through sheeny windows of close and complex patterns; the tinkle of fountains falling on the pavement, the breeze sighing through the feathers of the palm trees, and the broad flags of the banana, make up a sense of luxury and graceful life, which words cannot convey. . . . There is no dead king's spirit which might not be proud of such a tomb, and no artist who would not confess it a perfect subject for his pencil, with the wild peacocks dropping their gorgeous trains down its white walls, and the water reflecting every line and angle of its noble contours."

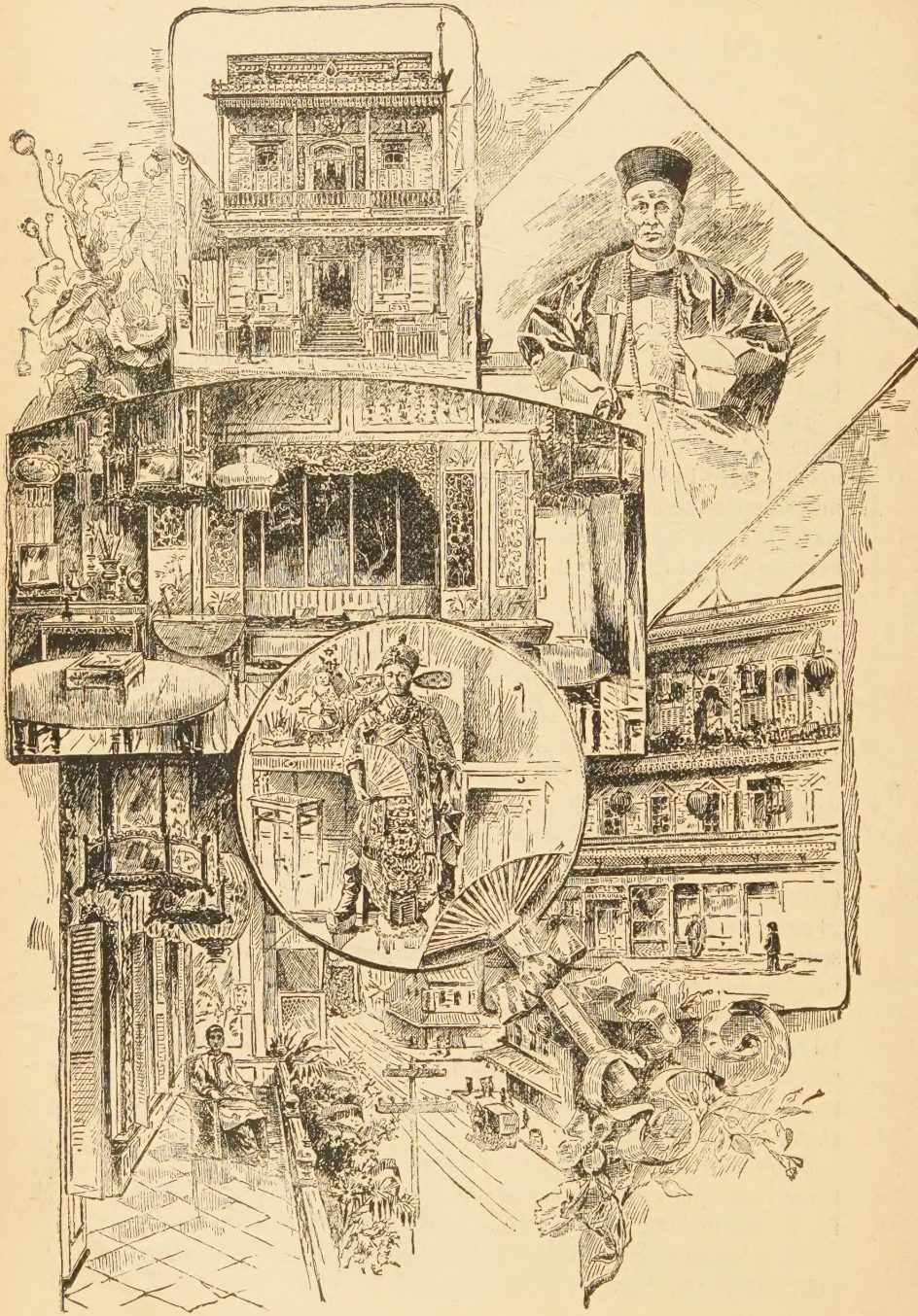
The famous elephant carriage, used by the Rajah, is drawn by four elephants, will carry fifty persons, and is two stories high; it is a piece of barbaric splendour, of no artistic merit or interest.

Simla is the summer capital of India. The "Simla exodus" from Calcutta, as soon as the hot weather fairly sets in, is the great Anglo-Indian event of the year, the whole of the Government departments transferring their offices to this beautiful hill station. The mean elevation above sea level is 7,084 feet. It is very cold during the winter, and is often covered with a deep fall of snow.

Amritsar is the most populous, thriving, and wealthy city in the whole of the Punjab. The great attraction to Amritsar is the famous Golden Temple, built by Ranjit Singh in the beginning of this century, in the centre of the sacred tank which gives Amritsar its name (literally, "the pool of immortality"). This temple has the double interest of its own intrinsic beauty as a work of art, and of being the heart of the Sikh religion.

Few of the great cities of the world can boast such a noble square as that which surrounds the beautiful sacred tank in the centre of Amritsar. In the middle of the lake, reflected in its glassy surface, is the Golden Temple shining in the sunlight like some jewelled casket. All round the square are noble palaces, the dome-topped residences of wealthy Sikh princes and chieftains, white and dazzling amidst the dark green foliage of their gardens. High above them are soaring minarets and lofty towers, while the white steps of the tank, the tesselated marble pavements of the terraces, and the causeway to the temple, are thronged with many-coloured pilgrims.

The Golden Temple is not a large building, being only fifty-three feet square, but it is the most splendid temple in India, so far as richness of decoration is concerned. The domes, cupolas and the upper portion of the walls are covered with thin plates of gold, hence the name "Golden Temple."



BITS IN CHINATOWN, SAN FRANCISCO.

SAN FRANCISCO AND SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE GOLDEN GATE.

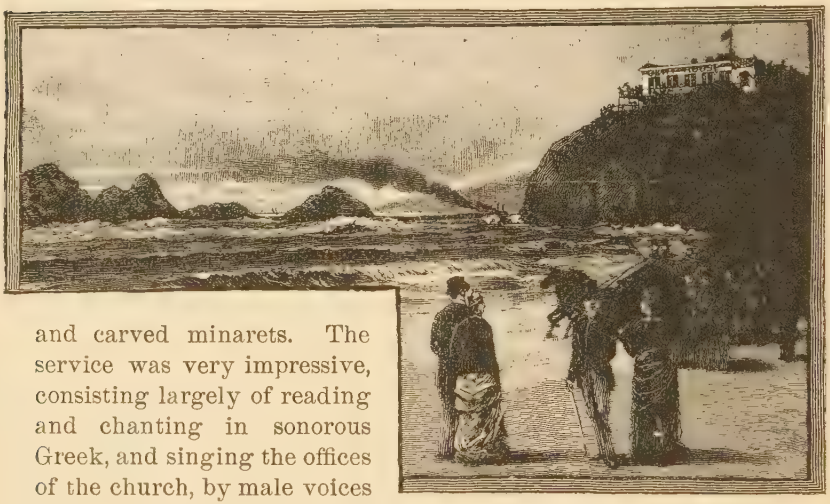
One's first impressions of San Francisco are that it is just such a great crowded, busy, noisy city as New York or Boston. Soon points of difference appear. One is taken to his hotel, not in an omnibus, but in a huge coach hung on leather straps. The business part of the city spreads out on a level surface, engirdled by steep and lofty hills, which in the sunset-light assume the most exquisite tints of purple and gold and translucent pearl. Business streets are the same everywhere; but on these steep slopes and hill-crests cluster some of the most costly and beautiful mansions and villas to be found in America. Many of them, it is true, are of wood, but so very ornate that one of them is said to have cost a million dollars. Others are of stone, grandiose, palatial and Palladian in style, but less picturesque than the many-coloured, many-towered and many-balconied wooden structures. The view from the square below, of Knob Hill, with its castellated structures, hung high in air, is exceedingly impressive. Up and down, all over these hills, climb innumerable cars, drawn by a humming wire cable, ever and anon plunging down some steep descent. Few modes of travel are more pleasant than an outside seat in front on these cars, with unobstructed view, except for the stately houses on either side; and often through lateral openings one catches glorious glimpses of the broad bay, the purple hills, the blue ocean. The scale of colour of hills and sky in the deepening after-glow must be the rapture and despair of an artist, the ethereal evanescent pearly tones, filling the soul with a sense of beauty utterly impossible to reproduce.

While cable-car travel over these tremendous hills is very pleasant, yet to climb them on foot is quite the reverse. It was not uncommon to see persons tacking in zig-zags to and fro across

the broad sidewalk in order to lessen the steepness of the ascent. Everywhere beautiful palms, exotic plants and a great wealth of flowers surround the houses.

Nevertheless, San Francisco was not without its drawbacks. With scarce a moment's warning, a gray, dun fog-cloud would rush in from the ocean, and an icy wind would chill one to the very marrow, making a stout overcoat necessary in July. Ladies wore their furs in midsummer, and in many of the wide and palatial streets, a dusty, gusty sand storm was exceedingly disagreeable.

I visited one day the Greek church, crowned with bulbous spires



THE GOLDEN GATE AND SEAL ROCKS.

and carved minarets. The service was very impressive, consisting largely of reading and chanting in sonorous Greek, and singing the offices of the church, by male voices exclusively, in the Sclavonic tongue. There were numerous pictures of black-faced Madonnas, St. Georges, and other saints. There was no organ accompaniment. The music was in a plaintive minor, with a deep bass, mingled with pure, sweet boys' voices. There was much bowing and genuflexion. One lady almost touched the floor in her prostration. Heavily-bearded priests, in gold cope and vestments, conducted the service The priests first partook of the communion behind perforated doors within the sanctuary, then three persons only out of the congregation—a loutish looking father and two pretty dark-eyed children —took the sacrament in both kinds, from a gold-covered pyx. I never saw more profound reverence expressed Then all the Sclavonians present went forward and kissed the large cross held in the priest's hand, and received a cube of hallowed bread. A strong aromatic odour of incense filled the room.

I had some conversation with the priest, a gentlemanly, well-educated man. He told me that there were five hundred Sclavonians in San Francisco, and forty thousand Greek Christians, chiefly Indians in Alaska, where Bishop Vladimir was then on a missionary excursion. The silhouette outline of the many-turreted church against the glowing evening sky was profoundly impressive.

The great pride of San Francisco is its magnificent hotels and its noble park. The Palace Hotel cost over three million dollars, and surpasses anything I saw in Europe. The vast asphalt-paved courts, surrounded with five tiers of balconies, lit up at night with electric lights, formed a striking *coup d'œil,* while the throbbing music of an excellent band filled the vast space. The Baldwin Hotel, though smaller, is more costly still. The chief cost, however, seems to be the elaborate decoration of the office and billiard-room and bar.

The Park is a vast stretch of undulating ground, the landscape gardening of which, however, is as yet incomplete. I noted an enormous sun-dial, made of foliage plants, with the appropriate motto in flowers, "Non numero horas nisi serenas." I saw also a section of a tree, which was 96 feet in circumference, 308 feet high, and 3,700 years old, with bark two feet thick. It was felled by five men, with pump augurs, in twenty-two days.

The loveliest drive is that to the Golden Gate and the sea cliff. The railway skirts the rocky shore, under as blue a sky as that of Italy, with magnificent outlook on ocean and bay.

Two hundred feet above the ever-tumbling surf are the Sutro Heights, ten years ago a waste of sand and rock, now a wilderness of beauty such as we have scarce seen anywhere surpassed. Mr. Sutro, who has amassed a large fortune in the mines, has brought from every land trees, plants and flowers, which seem to thrive in this bland atmosphere. Winding walks, ample conservatories, picturesque turrets and terraces, crowned with snowy statues, reproduce the effect of the Boboli Gardens of Florence, and of the Villa Borghese at Rome. Indeed, the immortal loveliness of the old Greek divinities seems to be infinitely heightened as they shine like snow in full sunlight against the deep green background of the foliage. And all this is absolutely free to the citizen, and on the death of their owner is to become the property of the city. On a basaltic seal rock, a couple of hundred yards from the shore, bask and crawl, and bark and tumble, the famous seals—great bloated, ugly creatures, huge as a hog, that ceaselessly swarm over its rough surface, and continually fight and snort, drenched by the spray, or basking in the sun.

OLD MISSION CHURCH, MONTEREY, CYPRESS DRIVE, ETC.

A wonderful cosmopolitan city is San Francisco. Here you find representatives of almost every country under heaven. It has its French quarter, its Little Italy, its Portuguese population, its Scandinavians, its Sclavonians, Magyars, and other people of Eastern Europe. But the strangest feature of the city is its Chinese quarter. In almost every street may be seen the shaven head, blue blouse, and plaited queue of the Chinaman; but several solid squares in the heart of the city are given up exclusively to Chinese occupation. It is like a walk through Canton or Pekin. Every trade and occupation is carried on by Chinamen. The houses are honey-combed with their warrens; for they swarm both below and above ground with Chinese life. It is very comical to see the little children pattering around in their clogs, with their little shaven heads and pigtails and bright, bead-like black eyes, coquettishly flourishing a fan. The mothers, too are dainty little figures, with *such* shiny black hair, *so* smoothly brushed back from their foreheads. The parents seem very fond of their children, and a lady at the Methodist Chinese Mission said the Chinamen make the best husbands and fathers in the world. It was very pleasing to find so many Chinese missions. I was told at the Chinese Young Men's Christian Association that there were 2,000 Christian Chinese in the city. But, alas! there are nearly 40,000 heathen, with their own temples, theatres, restaurants, gambling and opium dens, and places of viler resort. There is a grand opportunity to do Christian work, and much is done—street preaching in Chinese, etc. But the Methodist Chinese missionary told me that the influence of the bad white men did much to counteract all the efforts made for their benefit.

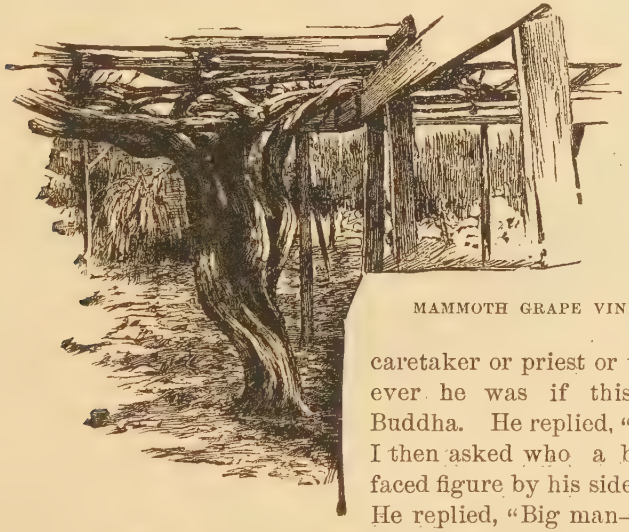
I went with a Chinese guide to explore Chinatown, from the "high-toned restaurants," as he called them, in the upper stories of one of the buildings shown in our cut, to the underground "opium joints," where the air was so thick one could almost cut it with a knife. In the opium dens we saw many pallid, listless, haggard looking men, with glazed, unseeing eyes, lying in bunks or on wooden platforms, sucking away at opium pipes. Beyond the mental and physical degradation which ensued, the results seemed far less disastrous than the drinking usages of the European foreigners. There was no fighting, no turbulence, no use of stiletto, bludgeon or pistol, which has frequently occurred in "Little Italy," or in the low Irish or American quarter. The teeming life of those narrow streets, the rattling of the dice, the jingling of the cash (small coin with a hole through the middle), the haggling over fish, fruit and all manner of uncanny and unsavoury eatables in the stalls and restaurants, was like a page

from a Chinese book. The houses were gay with coloured lanterns, electric lights, gilded carving, crimson banners and signs, a perfect symphony in gold and red.

One of the most curious places I visited was the so-called joss-house, which reminded me much of a visit to a similar place in Victoria, B.C. It was gorgeously fitted up in exceedingly bizarre and barbaric pomp, with stands of gilt halberds and swords, a

huge embroidered silk umbrella with deep fringe, gay lanterns, banners, and shrines with wonderfully carved dragons and high reliefs of tilt and tourney, representing the exploits of the mythological warriors, I was told, of seven thousand years ago. Chinese architecture has a peculiarity of its own, a barbaric wealth of carving, gilding, and crimson and yellow colours.

The Chinese I found very courteous, and anxious to give any information in their power. This they did in loud explosive tones, in broken English, with frequent inquiries of "*Sabe?*" a Spanish word, which they use for "Do you understand?" In the joss-house just mentioned, I observed a large figure in a sort of shrine, with the hand raised as if in benediction. I asked the

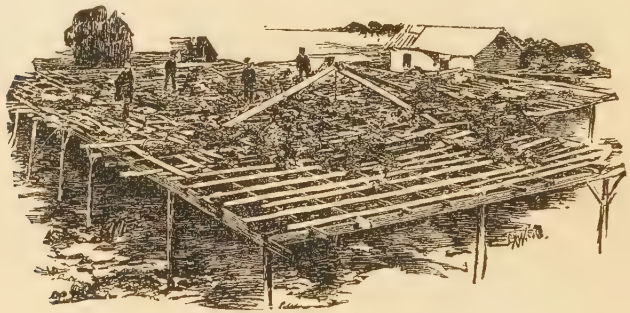


MAMMOTH GRAPE VINE.

caretaker or priest or whatever he was if this was Buddha. He replied, "Yes." I then asked who a black-faced figure by his side was. He replied, "Big man—him big boss, oder man help him. Sabe?" I enquired what certain cups and vessels and lamps before the shrine were for. "Me feed him, me warm him," he answered; "me give him tea and food. Sabe? Man no sick, do well, make good sale, him pay one dollah, two dollah, four bit to feed him. Sabe?" and he showed the book in which the subscriptions were recorded. "Him pay well, help him good," said my guide. "Allee time good, go up. Bad man, go down." I asked him if he had heard of Jesus Christ. "Yes, yes," he exclaimed. "Him allee same Jesus Chlist," and he pointed to the image, whose gorgeous surroundings, he said, were to "make look plitty" (pretty). I was haunted all the time with the feeling that here in the heart of a Christian civilization was a fragment of that vast system of paganism to which well-nigh one-third of our race is in bondage.

I had the pleasure of attending the Methodist Preachers' Meeting, and found a hearty, energetic, wide-awake lot of men eagerly discussing Church life and Church work. I was most cordially received, and was glad to meet Dr. Peck, the venerable Abel Stephens, still engaged in literary work in his eighty-fourth year, and other noble "soldiers of God" in the fight against sin.

The oldest building in San Francisco is the Mission Dolores, founded in 1776, a low, squat structure, with adobe (mud) walls three feet thick, and the roof covered with heavy semi-cylindrical tiles, a type of most of the old missions. The floor, except near the altar, is of earth, and the entire structure rude in character, though still used for purposes of worship. In the forlorn and bramble-grown cemetery adjoining are many old Spanish tombs, memorials of the early days.



MAMMOTH GRAPE VINE.

It is a charming ride through the Santa Clara Valley to San Jose, Monterey and Pacific Grove, the latter the site of a successful Chautauqua Assembly. This valley is one of the garden regions of California. Magnificent orchards of peaches, prunes, apricots, figs, etc.; vast wheatfields, studded with wide-spreading live oaks and splendid villas with ornamental grounds, adorn the landscape. Much of the wheat is reaped by machines, drawn by steam motors or by twenty-four horses, which cut a swath forty feet in width, and thresh and deliver the grain into bags without the intervention of the hand of man.

One of the loveliest drives in California is over eighteen miles of romantic and rugged sea coast, and over breezy hills, taking in the wonderful tropical garden of the Monterey Hotel, famous throughout the world for its rare exotics and miles of winding drives. One of the most striking features at Cypress Point was the twisted, writhing cypress trees, which seemed contorted by wrestling with the ocean winds on a bleak and gusty promontory.

At Monterey I visited a quaint old Spanish chapel, the Church of Santa Rosa de Lima, built of adobe, roofed with red tiles, paved in front with the vertebræ of whales cast up upon the beach. Within on the walls were some very crude paintings of the saints, and effigies of the Virgin in lace, and the infant Christ in a crown much too large. I asked a dark-eyed woman what the quaint, stiff, haloed figures on either side of the altar were, and she answered in her soft, liquid Spanish, "Santa Dolores y San Juan."

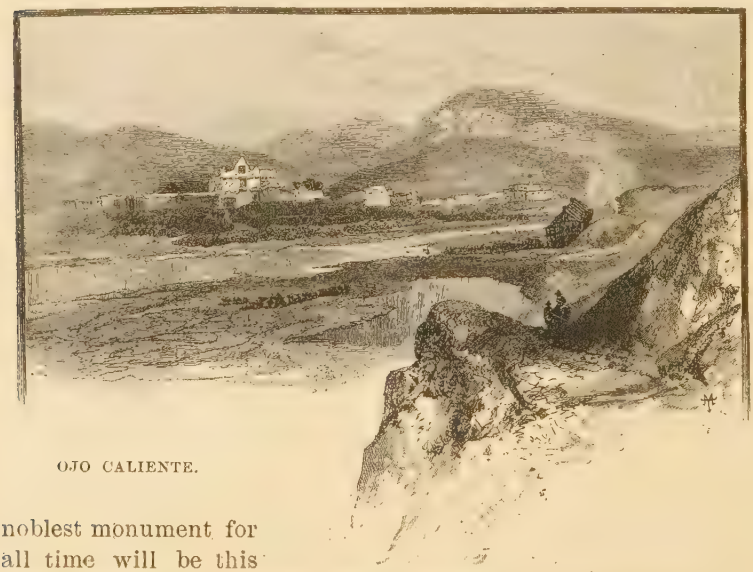
On my way back to San Francisco I stopped at Menlo Park, to visit the new Stanford University. It is situated on

ADOBE MISSION CHURCH OF SAN JUAN.

the ten thousand acre ranch of Senator Stanford, who has given it the liberal endowment of $20,000,000. Here is also his elegant home, amid a lovely and exquisitely kept park and garden of native and tropical trees, plants and flowers. His ranch is chiefly devoted to raising a high grade of horses, of which he has about 1,400, which sell, I was informed, at prices ranging from $1,500 to $45,000. There is also a large area in vines, in connection with which is one of the largest wineries in the State, containing 1,100 huge tuns of wine. A Chinaman offered me some of it, which I respectfully declined. I wish that the University endowment was derived from some other source than from this. I apprehend great social, economic and moral danger to this great State from the extensive manufacture of wine and brandy from its grape crop.

The university building is a huge structure seven hundred feet long, in the Spanish style, with low walls and over-hanging roof,

surrounding an open court of three and a half acres. A vast ambulacrum or covered cloister over a third of a mile long, with colonnaded arches, surrounds this court, which is paved with asphalt and ornamented with eight circular plots fifty feet in diameter, planted with palms, bananas and other tropical plants and trees. The residence buildings are large and noble structures, affording accommodation for nearly one thousand students. The institution is the monument of a father and mother's love for a son who died at Rome before he had reached his twentieth year —a youth of great culture and promise. His mausoleum on the grounds fronts a stately avenue over a mile in length, but his

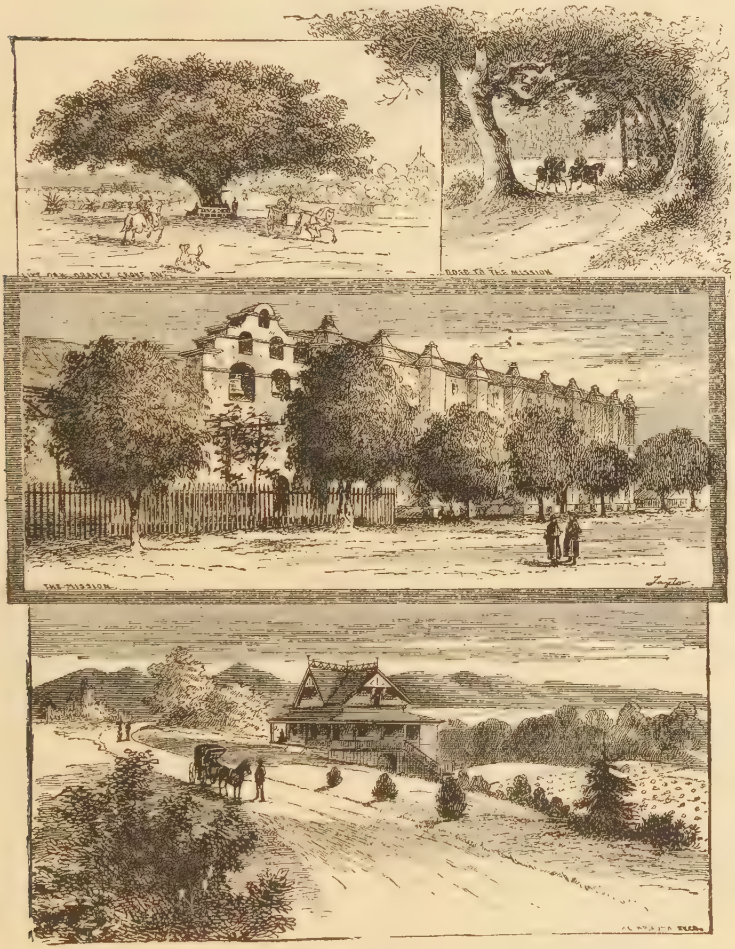


OJO CALIENTE.

noblest monument for all time will be this great university, in which some important educational problems will be solved—with what success time only will show. The wonderfully clear atmosphere of this coast offers special advantages for observational astronomy. Hence the Lick Observatory, near Pacific Grove, has the largest refracting telescope in the world; and on a mountain 6,000 feet above the sea, near Los Angeles, Harvard University is erecting one still larger.

The five hundred miles ride from San Francisco to Los Angeles traverses the great San Joaquin valley, or plain, waving with wheat, and then climbs the Sierra Madre mountains, and crosses the Mojave desert, the most forlorn and desolate region I ever beheld. Imagine brown, arid, treeless, verdureless hills, studded over with a strange prickly cactus, where the air is like the

breath from a furnace, the earth like iron and the heavens like brass, the ground cracked and baked with the heat—all the more desolate on account of the garden-like country on either side. The golden sunrise and sunset, and exquisite atmospheric effects of these hills, clothed them for a time with unearthly beauty. I



NEAR SAN GABRIEL AND PASADENA.

was told that these arid regions needed only the touch of water to bloom like a garden of the Lord.

As we approach Los Angeles, "the City of the Angels," or properly "of the Queen of the Angels," the results of irrigation are seen in the orange and lemon groves, the palm trees, acacias, figs, pomegranates, and many other southern growths whose very name suggests tropical associations. Los Angeles, with its 60,000

inhabitants, its stately public and private buildings, its palm-lined streets, its cable and electric cars, is a genuine surprise.

Long Beach is a pleasant seaside town about twenty miles from

OLD MISSION CHURCH AND CLOISTERS—SANTA BARBARA.

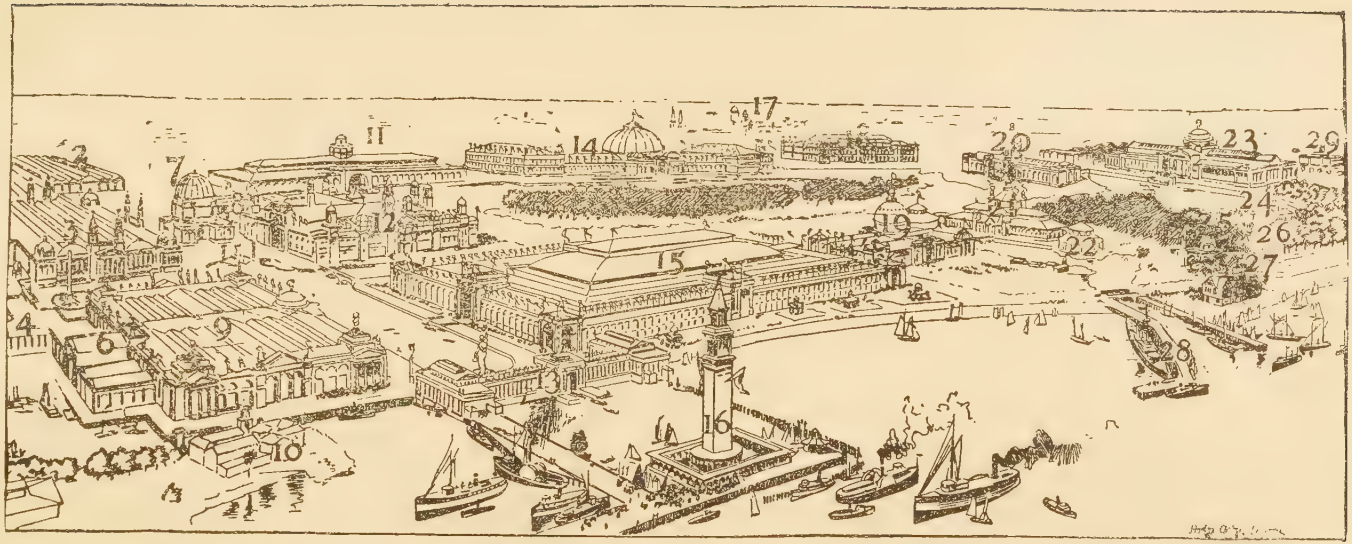
Los Angeles. Here a very successful Epworth League and Chautauqua Assembly is held. A fine eucalyptus grove is dotted with tents and cottages; and classes, lectures and entertainments make up a programme much like those of the East. This eucalyptus tree is one of the most common and most interesting

in California. It is not native to the soil, but is brought from Australia, where it is known as the blue or red gum tree. It has long, narrow, sword-shaped leaves, which hang with their edges to the ground, so, by a providential arrangement, as not to expose the evaporating surface of the leaves to the direct rays of the sun. It thus gives very little shade. In quite a dense grove the sunlight flickers through and makes itself very distinctly felt. The eucalyptus has a fragrant, balsamic odour, which is very salubrious. It is planted very largely on the Campagna of Rome as an antidote to the malaria so prevalent there.

The sunsets at Long Beach are wonderfully gorgeous. A few minutes after the sun sinks below the horizon there comes an after-glow of golden light, flushing the sky to the very zenith, and reflected in yellow radiance from every house and tree and mountain. The San Barnardino range, thirty miles distant, is changed to translucent pearl and opal, and makes one think of the golden walls of Asgard, and of the pearly gates of the New Jerusalem. The beach is one of the finest in the world, ten miles long, smooth as a floor, and so firm that a horse's hoofs leave only a slight impression on its surface. It is a delightful drive—in front the boundless Pacific, with its "league-long rollers thundering on the shore." It is something very exhilarating to bathe in the surf and feel the breakers dash against the nerve centres of the spine.

One of the loveliest places which I visited in Southern California was the town of Pasadena. From a sheep ranch in 1873, to the beautiful orchard-city of to-day, with its miles of beautiful avenues, cement walks, elegant churches and villas, and one of the handsomest public libraries I have anywhere seen, is a great contrast. Among the luxuriant growths of this charming city we find palms, magnolias, figs, pepper trees (a beautiful evergreen with scarlet berries), bananas, pomegranates, guavas, yucca, cacti, aloes, cork, rubber, olive, and lemon and orange trees in greatest profusion. I saw a fine palm three feet through and eighteen feet high, prickly pears fifteen feet high, geraniums ten feet high, and a century plant thirty feet high. Six hundred roses grew on a single tree. The Methodist church, where I preached, was decorated last Easter with 4,500 calla lilies. The wonderful after-glow of the sunset, a tender, tremulous light, shading with exquisite gradations into the purple blue of darkness, is a memory never to be effaced.

Santa Barbara is one of the largest and most important of the old missions of California. In the long arcade of cloisters, over the rough tiled pavement, still pace the successors of Father Juniper, counting their beads and reciting their prayers.



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE COLUMBIAN EXHIBITION, CHICAGO.

1. Sixty-three acres to the left of cut reserved for Live Stock Exhibit. 2. Railway Approach. 3. Machinery Hall, 17½ acres. 4. Assembly Hall. 5. Forestry Building, 2½ acres. 6. Annex to Agricultural Building. 7. Administration Building. 8. Hall of Mines and Mining, 8¾ acres. 9. Agricultural Building, 15 acres. 10. Reproduction of "La Rabida Convent" where Columbus retired. 11. Transportation Exhibit, 18⅝ acres. 12. Electrical Building, 9¾ acres. 13. The great Peristyle and Music Hall Cafe. 14. Horticultural Hall, 6¾ acres. 15. Manufacturers and Liberal Arts Building, 44 acres. 16. Casino and Pier. 17. Villages of all Nations. 18. Woman's Building. 19. United States Government Building. 20. Illinois State Building. 21. Fisheries Building and Deep-sea Aquaria. 22. Life-saving Station, etc. 23. Galleries of Fine Arts. 24. Japan. 25. France, Mexico, and Germany. 26. Foreign Building. 27. England. 28. United States Naval Exhibit. 29. New York.

THE COLUMBIAN EXHIBITION, CHICAGO.

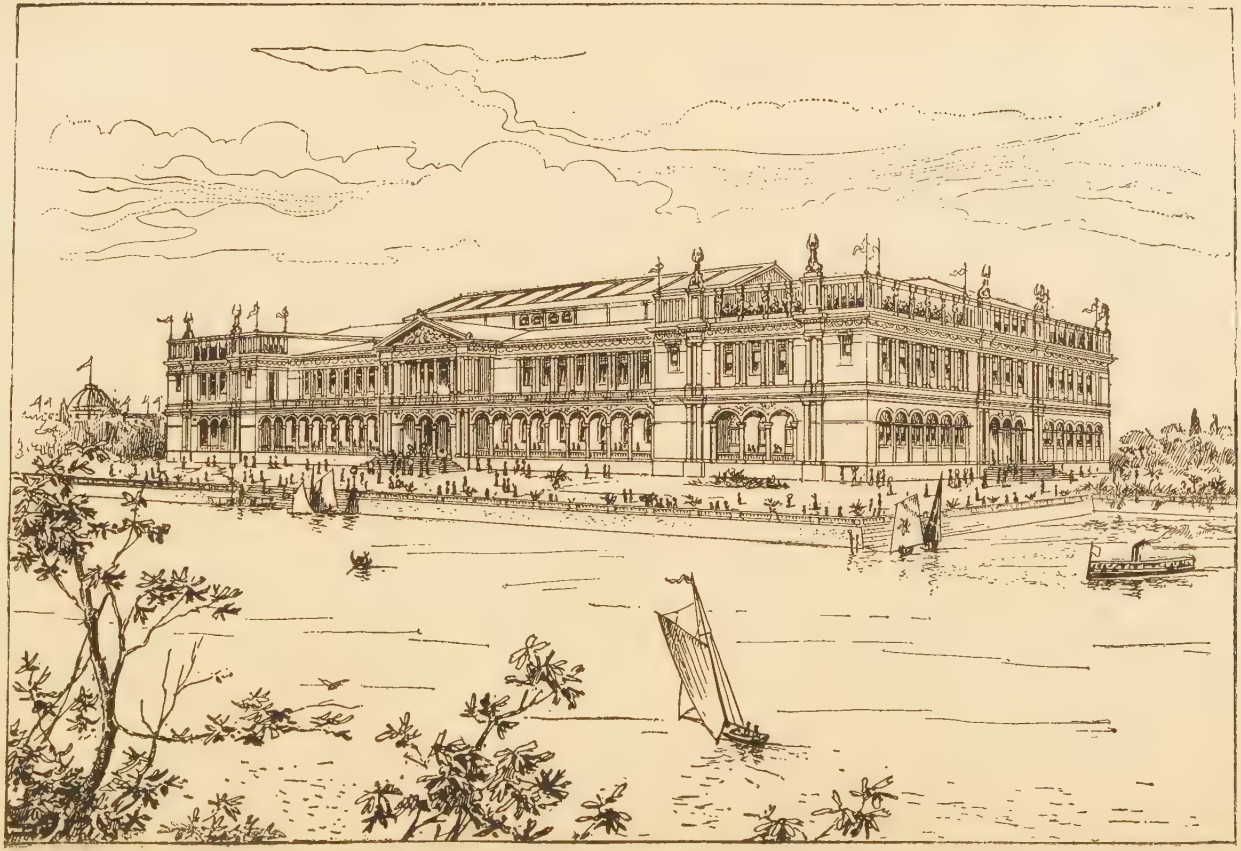
In all civilized countries a lively interest is being manifested in the World's Fair, to be held in Chicago, Ill., next year. The directors are working with might and main to make the Fair the most attractive of any that have been held in any country in the world. The buildings are to be on a magnificent scale, both in size and artistic design, and with the object of giving our readers an idea of the appearance of those in which most of them will be more particularly interested, we herewith illustrate and describe the principal attractions of the great exhibition.

The main building of the Palace of Fine Arts is to be a most imposing structure, occupying a space 320 by 500 feet, and to the rear, on each side, will be an annex, reached by a covered passage, each of these additional buildings covering a ground space of 120 by 200 feet.

The Woman's Building is designed by Miss Sophia G. Hayden, of Boston, who won a $1,000 prize offered for the best plan. It measures 200 by 400 feet, and costs $200,000. The architecture is classic, with end and centre pavilions, connected by an arcade. Portions of the building will be devoted to reforms and charities, and to a model kindergarten, a model hospital, a bureau of information, club rooms, parlours, etc.

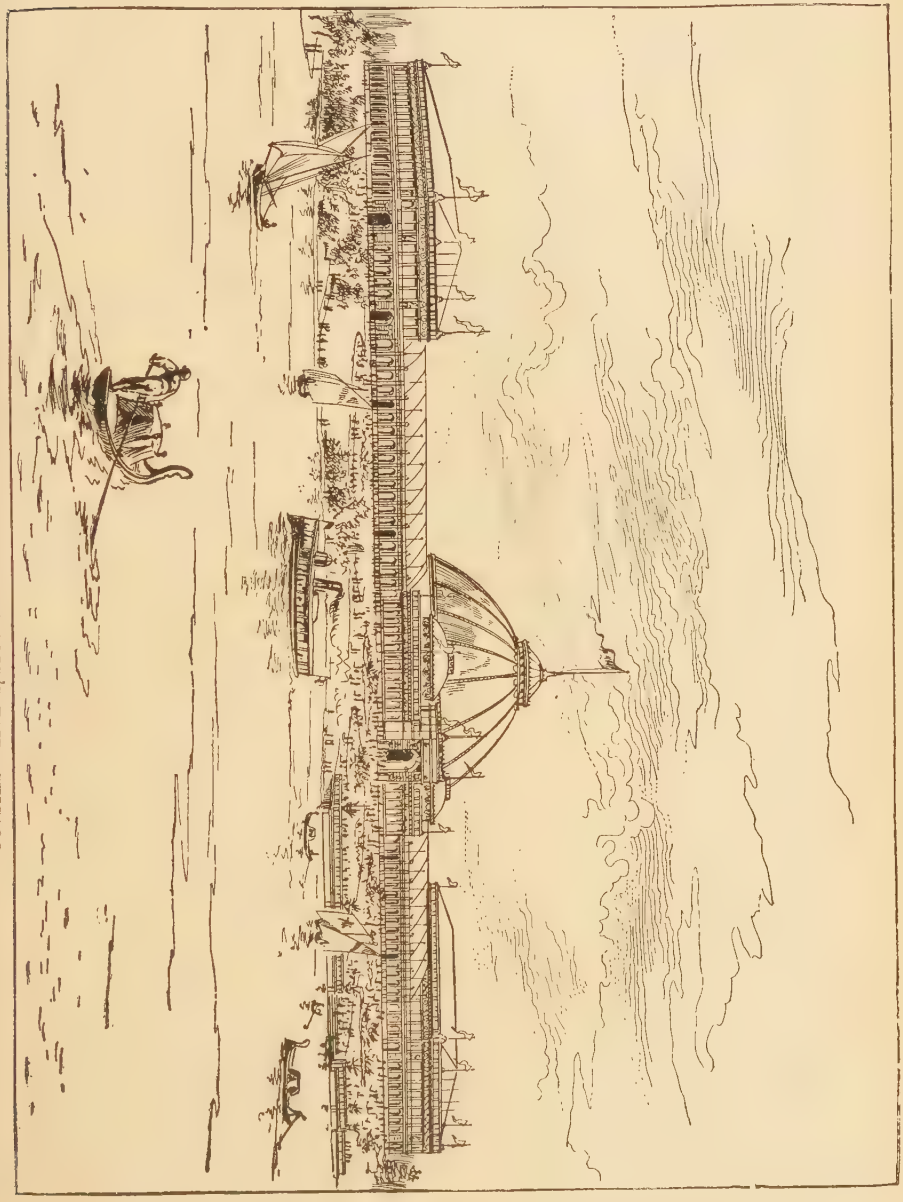
Beyond the Woman's Building, facing the lagoon on the land side, is the Horticultural Building, 1,000 feet long and with an extreme width of 286 feet, and in front will be a flower terrace for outside exhibits. The building will have a central pavilion and two connected end pavilions, forming two interior courts each 88 by 270 feet, the courts being beautifully decorated in colour and planted with ornamental shrubs and flowers. The centre pavilion will be roofed by a crystal dome, 187 feet in diameter and 113 feet high, under which will be exhibited tall palms, bamboos, and tree ferns. The appropriation for this building is $400,000.

Opposite the southwestern corner of the lagoon, beyond the Horticultural Building, is now rising the Transportation Building, which will be 960 by 256 feet, with a triangular annex of one story buildings covering about nine acres. There will be an immense display of locomotives, all placed end on to the central avenue or nave of the main building, and the exhibit will include everything devoted to transportation, from the crudest carriages to a mogul engine.



WOMAN'S BUILDING, WORLD'S FAIR, CHICAGO.

The structure devoted to mines and mining, immediately south of the lagoon, is pretty well advanced in construction. The style



HORTICULTURAL BUILDING, WORLD'S FAIR, CHICAGO.

of architecture is classic, and the dimensions are 350 by 700 feet, the height to the main cornice being 65 feet. The grand en-

trances are at the north and south ends, and are 110 feet high by 32 feet wide each. At each corner is a pavilion 68 feet square and 90 feet high, surmounted by a dome. The roof will be of glass. The cost of this building is placed at $350,000.

The Electrical Exhibit will be one of the handsomest in the group south of the lagoon, its cost being placed at $650,000. Its exterior will be finished to represent granite, and a statue of Franklin will be conspicuous before the south entrance.

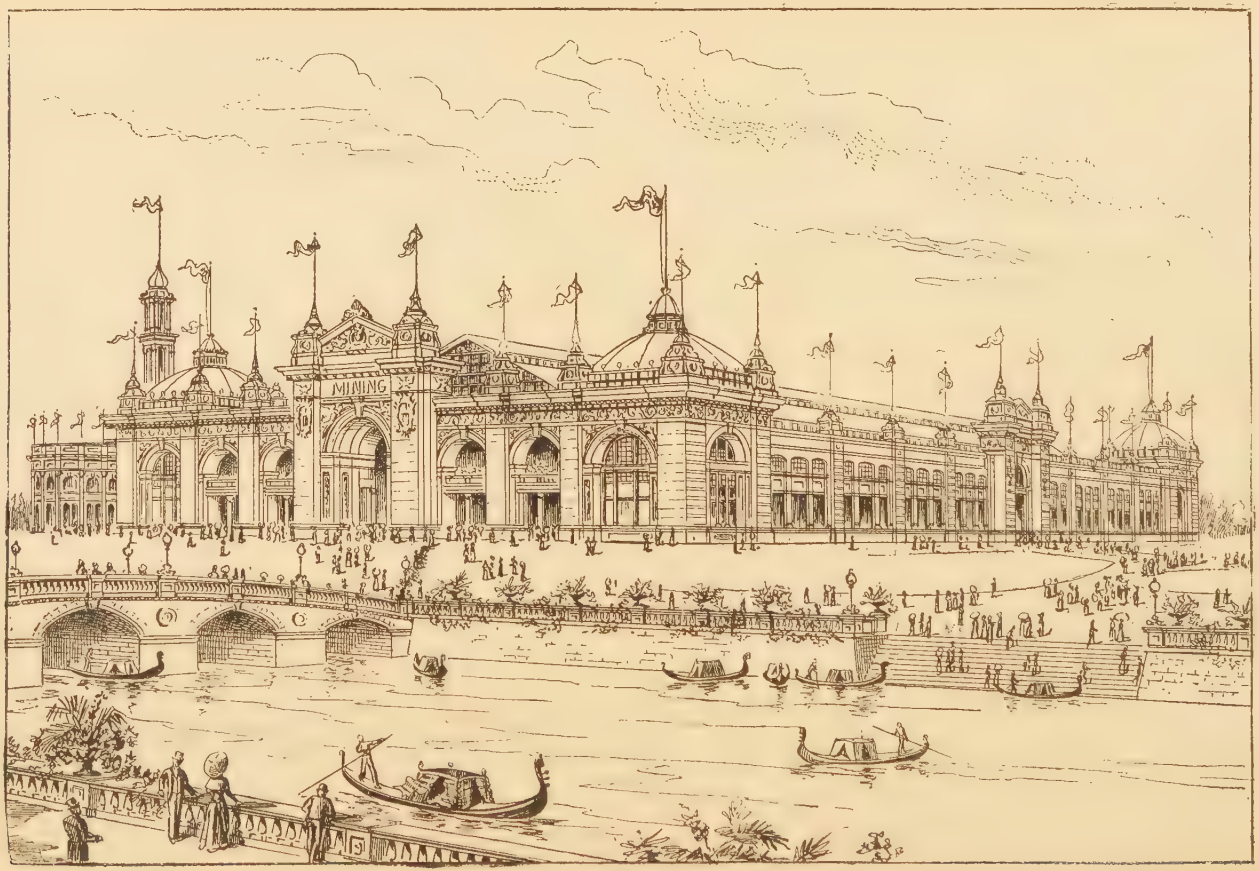
But the greatest building of all, the Hall of Manufacturers and the Liberal Arts, between the lagoon and the lake, will be 787 feet wide by 1,688 feet long, having two interior courts. It was designed by George S. Post, of New York, in the French Renaissance style, and will be surrounded on all sides by a porch two stories in height, affording a promenade and view of the other buildings and of the lagoon covered with craft of all descriptions. This building covers more than forty-four acres, and is said to be three times as large as the largest building at the Paris Exposition. (See No. 15 in bird's-eye view).

The Administration Building, one of the most imposing and expensive of all the structures upon the grounds, will be adorned with scores of statuary figures, and will have a gilded dome rising 250 feet above the ground. It will be the headquarters of all the numerous officials connected with the management and administration of the exhibition.

Farther to the south comes Machinery Hall, covering a space of 500 to 850 feet, with an annex of 450 by 550 feet. The interior of this building will present the appearance of three railroad train houses side by side, surrounded on all sides by fifty-foot galleries. In each of the three long naves will be an elevated travelling crane to facilitate placing machinery, etc., and after the exhibition opens platforms will be placed on them from which visitors may view the exhibits without the trouble of walking around. Shafting for power will be carried on the same posts by which the travelling crane bridges are supported, all steam power being supplied from the power annex. The exterior of Machinery Hall will be rich and imposing.

To the left of Machinery Hall, across a narrow arm of the basin, is the Agricultural Building, occupying a space 500 by 800 feet, and having an annex, 300 by 500 feet. It will be almost entirely surrounded by water, and will be one of the handsomest structures on the exposition grounds. The grand entrance will be sixty feet wide, with Corinthian columns five feet in diameter and forty feet high. The roof will be principally of glass.

The Government Building will be 350 by 420 feet in size, with



MINES AND MINING BUILDING, WORLD'S FAIR, CHICAGO.

a dome of 120 feet in diameter and 150 feet high. It will be constructed of stone, iron and glass, and cost $400,000. The exhibits shown here will be from the war, treasury, agricultural, interior, post office, and navy departments, the Smithsonian Institution, the national museum, etc.

The Fishery Building, 700 feet in length, will be flanked at each end by a curved arcade, connecting it with two octagonal pavilions in which will be aquaria and exhibits of fishing tackle. The building will be Spanish in style, and colour will be liberally used in its decoration.

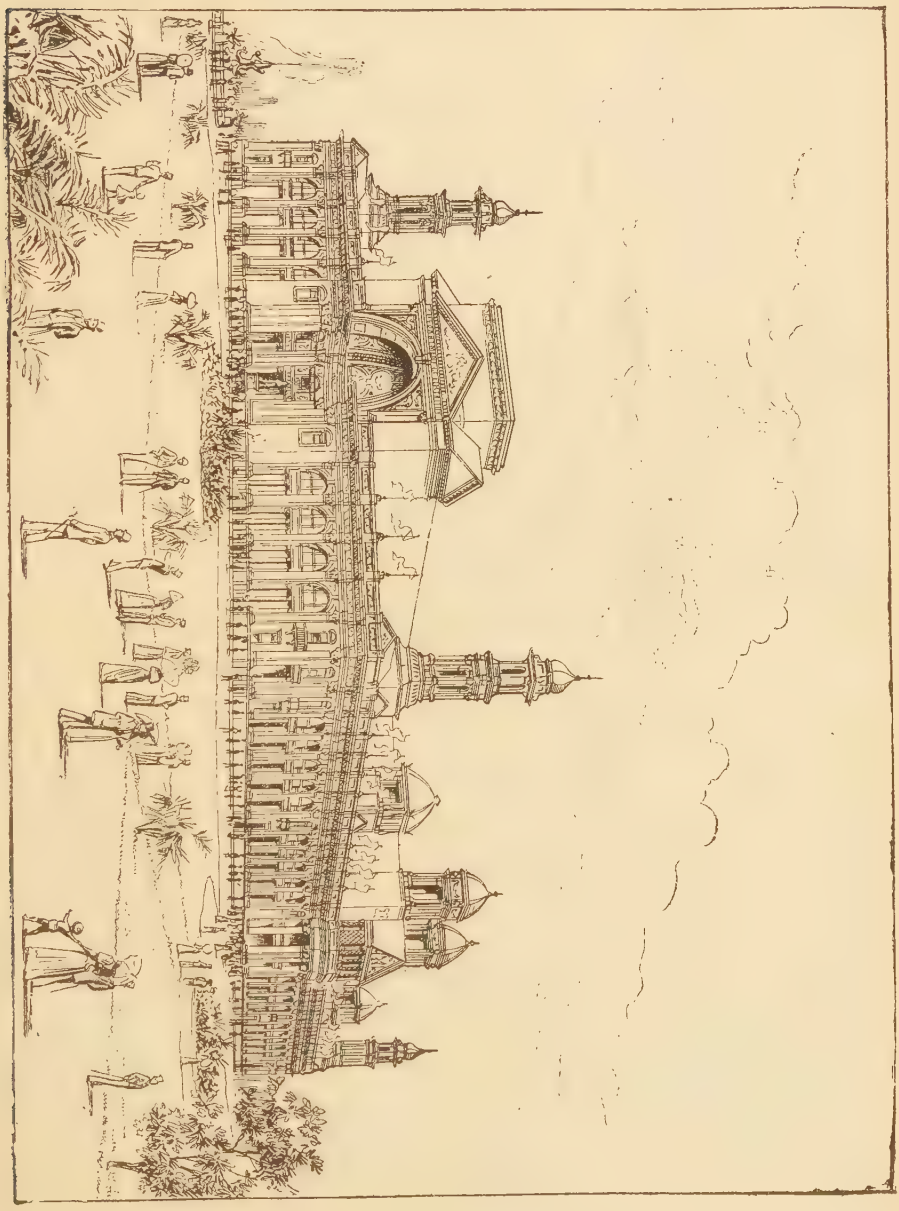
On the lake shore, east of the Government Building, there will be a gun battery, a life-saving station and apparatus, a light-house, and an exhibit of war balloons, while the full-sized model of a battle-ship will be built on piling near the adjacent pier, the structure being of brick coated with cement, and to be made to appear in every way like a real ship, fully manned and equipped. (See No. 28 in bird's-eye view).

The buildings will cover twice the area and cost thrice as much as did those at Paris in 1889, and the grand total of all the appropriations for the Fair promises to be from three to four times the amount expended on the French fair.

The site of the exposition occupies an area of 600 acres. In the month of June, 1893, this 600 acres of land will be seen to have undergone a most marvellous change—a change outlined in the picture of the bird's-eye view. This is really the most attractive point in the entire plan. Against the sky, rising like a Pharos, the first object to be seen by the passengers on a lake boat is the tall tower that has been built at the end of the long pier. It is 250 feet high, and its pyramidal top rides the sea and beckons on. Now appear the pennants that are floating from the topmasts of ships in the harbour; then suddenly three or four domes, variously coloured, arise; then eight-and-forty statues on the balustrade crossing the basin. Now, by degrees, the entire panorama comes into the eye. The harbour is thronged with craft of all sorts—modern steamers, Chinese junks, schooners, yachts, full-rigged ships, Venetian boats, and great canoes with floating sunshades; hundreds of sails of all colours, and flags of every nation on earth. Towards the right is the American man-of-war; and near it the pavilion of the British government, where English representatives will parley with all sorts of people from everywhere.

To the north, where the greensward melts away, is a little city of fantastic houses with waving flags. These are the buildings erected by the various States of the Union. Near the group cluster other and still more fantastic buildings, where are gathered

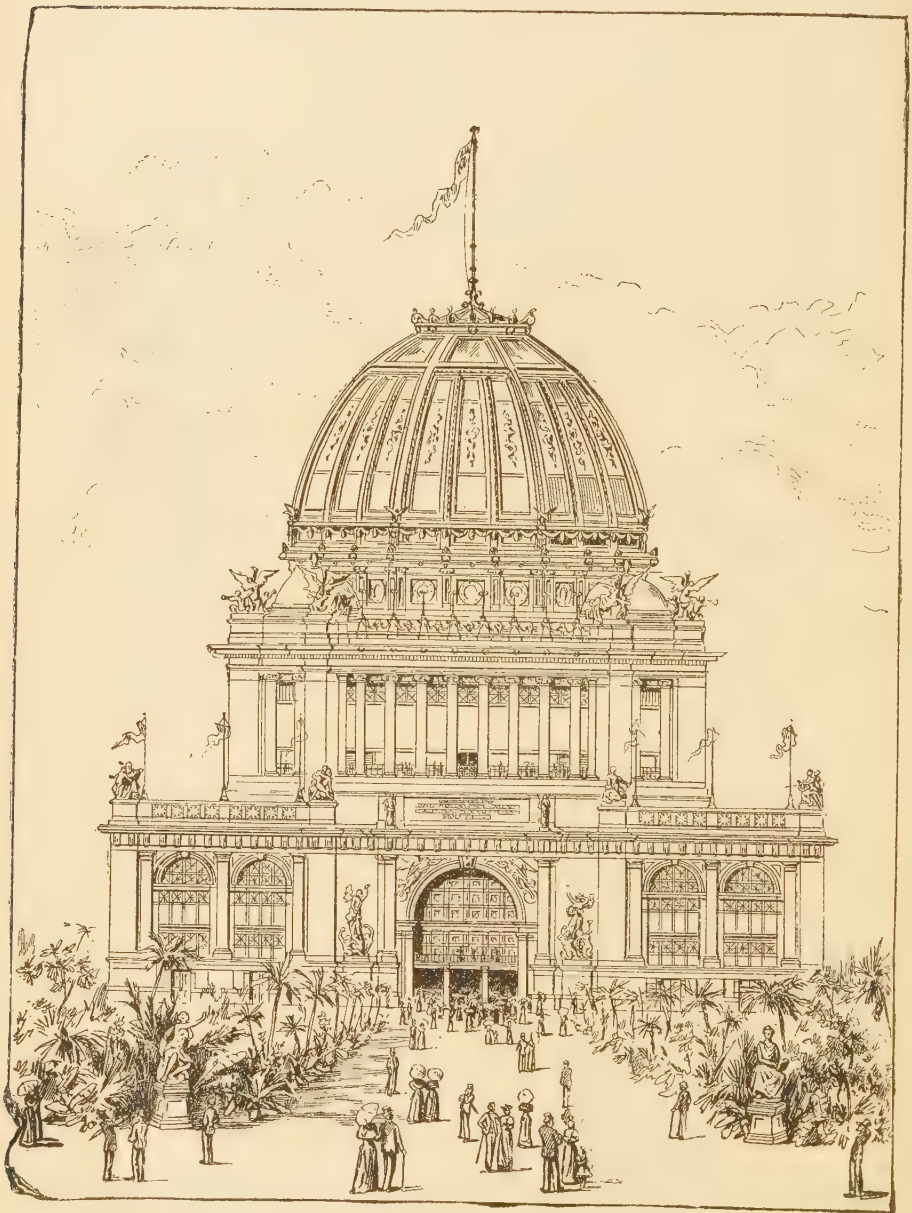
the houses built by the foreign nations who have desired special exhibits of their own. Nijni-Novgorod represents the spirit of



ELECTRICAL BUILDING, WORLD'S FAIR, CHICAGO.

acquisition and traffic in its fiercest semi-barbaric form. The Chicago fair represents the civilization of the earth.

There are chairs, of course, and palanquins, and Hindoo travelling-booths carried by real coolies, and the man-cab, or jinri-



ADMINISTRATION BUILDING, WORLD'S FAIR, CHICAGO.

kisha, of Japan, and the gondoliers of Venice, and the rolling cozy of London, and what not. But the real novelty is the travel-

ling sidewalk, that whips you around in a circuitous route, and lands you at the open portals of any department you desire. There are three divisions to it, one faster than the other. It is quite easy to step from the divisions moving at the rate of three miles an hour to one travelling at the rate of six miles an hour, and thence to the nine mile an hour division.

Now that you have seen the fair as it looks from afar under the glare of the sun, you must not be satisfied until you have seen it as it looks from the same standpoint at night, in the darkness. The plans for the electric lighting of the Columbian Exposition Buildings call for 7,000 arc lights of 2,000 candle power each, and 12,000 incandescent lights, of 16 candle power each, equal to 14,192,000 candle power. This will be ten times as much as the electric lighting of the Paris Exposition. Of course the first visible thing is the crown of arc lights clustering about the top of the Pharos. A million lights change and shift. There is a collection of little whitely glowing suns that are suddenly dampened, and in their stead glows the radiance of a star cluster. The incalculable combinations of the seven primary colours are wrought out by unseen workers in a hundred different places, and are flung into the air. Prismatic tints chase shadows in a thousand directions. From the middle of the ground rises a great glowing dome of liquid fire. The turrets of the big building for electricity dance with sunshine.

And now, as you come still closer, the whole body of Lake Michigan is transformed into a sea of brilliantly shining and variously tinctured waves whose aspect at first frightens and then awes. The boat dances easily on this magic sea, and one is dazzled with the splendour. There is light everywhere—light of all shades, and colours of all intensity and softness, of all degree and combination. No dreamer of Bagdad could have pictured to his active and warm imagination such a phantasy as this. Mr. Edison himself, who is the special magician that has animated the waters of the lagoon and the lake, can scarcely credit the result of his idea.

It is, therefore, without doubt, a fact that however gorgeous the exposition may be as seen from the tower during the day, it is by no means comparable with the exposition as it is seen at night. From this tower a series of search-lights are operated, whose effects are really startling, and this only adds to the bewildering dazzlement of the scene.

It may be said, at all events, that if the Columbian Exposition does nothing else, it will set men thinking as to what the world will be like when science knows more about the force that Benjamin Franklin brought down out of a thunder-cloud.

MACHINERY HALL, WORLD'S FAIR, CHICAGO.

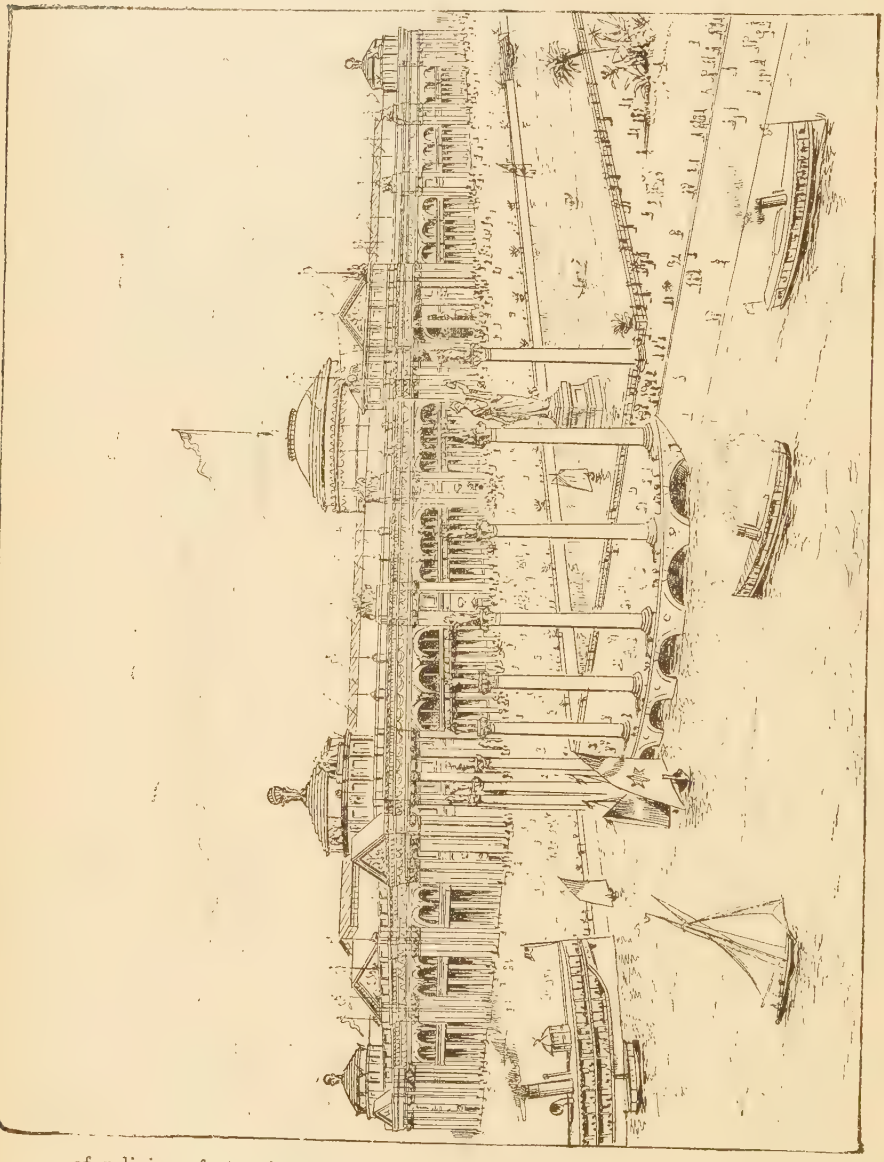
But the most extraordinary exhibit of the World's Fair will be Chicago itself—a city of over 1,000,000 people, which men now living can remember as a prairie village. Not even New York can surpass the splendour of her streets, the beauty of her parks, and the audacity of her twenty-story buildings climbing to the sky.

An inspiring idea has caught the managers of the World's Fair. The display of products showing the progress and present achievements of civilization in science, art and industry, is not to occupy the exclusive attention of sight-seers. It is a matter of gratifying importance that the religious condition and progress of the race are to be indicated by a great congress which is to include representatives of the religions of the civilized peoples of the world. This is the most significant note of universal brotherhood which has yet been heard. It will be an occasion of the greatest moment when men, who profess the different religions of the world, stand side by side giving reasons for the faith that is in them. Nothing enters so deep into national character and life as religion, and in bringing about a free interchange of views on its all-important themes much good will be done toward softening of race and national prejudices. It seems reasonable to think that even the governing powers of a religion the most hostile to Christianity would hesitate before declining to grant the implied and respectful wish of a powerful Christian government. We may expect, therefore, to see such an assembly of religious representatives as was never before brought together—truly a great cosmopolitan gathering. Christians of all denominations, Buddhists, Shintoists, Mohammedans, Brahmins—in short every kind of faith which has influenced the spiritual life of nations will be there represented. The apologists for heathen faiths can hardly fail to be touched by the kindliness which will greet them and provide for their entertainment. They will see, at least, that the Christian religion is as wide as the world in its desire for good-will. They will be convinced, at this gathering, of that which they have sometimes been left to doubt by the political action of Christian Governments—of the peaceful methods of the Gospel and its exclusively spiritual aim.

The following is an extract from the circular issued by the World's Congress Auxiliary of the World's Columbian Exposition:

The Columbian Exposition of 1893, besides being a comprehensive and brilliant display of the achievements of men in material progress, is to be made still more notable by Conventions of the leaders of human thought. Since the World's Fair stands for the world's progress in civilization, it is important that the creative and regulative power of Religion, as a prime

factor and force in human development, should receive due prominence. Now that the nations are being brought into closer and friendlier relations with each other, the time is ripe for new manifestations and developments



AGRICULTURAL BUILDING, WORLD'S FAIR, CHICAGO.

of religious fraternity. Humanity, though sundered by oceans and languages and widely differing forms of religion, is yet one in need, if not altogether in hope. The literatures and the results of the great historic faiths are more and more studied in the spirit which would employ only the agencies of light and love.

Believing that God is, and that He has not left Himself without witness: believing that the influence of religion tends to advance the general welfare, and is the most vital force in the social order of every people; and convinced that of a truth God is no respecter of persons, but that in every nation he that feareth Him and worketh righteousness is accepted of Him, we affectionately invite the representatives of all faiths to aid us in presenting to the world, at the Exposition of 1893, the religious harmonies and unities of humanity, and also in showing forth the moral and spiritual agencies which are at the root of human progress. It is proposed to consider the foundations of religious faith; to review the triumphs of religion in all ages; to set forth the present state of religion among the nations and its influence over literature, art, commerce, government, and the family life; to indicate its power in promoting temperance and social purity, and its harmony with true science; to show its dominance in the higher institutions of learning; to make prominent the value of the weekly rest-day on religious and other grounds; and to contribute to those forces which shall bring about the unity of the race in the worship of God and the service of man. Let representatives from every part of the globe be interrogated and bidden to declare what they have to offer or suggest for the world's betterment; what light religion has to throw on the labour problems, the educational questions, and the perplexing social conditions of our time; and what illumination it can give to the subjects of vital interest that comes before the other Congresses of 1893. It is proposed to have these and similar themes discussed by great masters of human thought from many lands, and we invite suggestions and assurances of co-operation from those persons and religious bodies to whom this address is particularly sent.

This document is signed by fifteen ministers of different denominations. The appropriate motto of the Auxiliary is "not things, but men; not matter, but mind."

This plan contemplates, not merely religious gatherings, but assemblies representing the many varied interests of man. The plan is thus set forth:

To make the Exposition complete and the celebration adequate, the wonderful achievements of the new age in science, literature, education, government, jurisprudence, morals, charity, religion, and other departments of human activity, should also be conspicuously displayed as the most effective means of increasing the fraternity, progress, prosperity, and peace of mankind.

Among the great themes which the Congresses are expected to consider, are the following:

I. The grounds of fraternal union in the language, literature, domestic life, religion, science, art and civil institutions of different peoples.

II. The economic, industrial and financial problems of the age.

III. Educational systems, their advantages and their defects; and the means by which they may best be adapted to the recent enormous increase in all the departments of knowledge.

IV. The practicability of a common language, for use in the commercial relations of the civilized world.

V. International copyright, and the laws of intellectual property and commerce.

VI. Immigration and naturalization laws, and the proper international privileges of alien governments, and their subjects as citizens.

VII. The most effective and advisable means of preventing or decreasing pauperism, insanity and crime; and of increasing productive ability, prosperity and virtue throughout the world.

VIII. International law as a bond of union, and a means of mutual protection; and how it may best be enlarged, perfected and authoritatively expressed.

IX. The establishment of the principles of judicial justice, as the supreme law of international relations; and the general substitution of arbitration for war, in the settlement of international controversies.

And what is transcendently more important, such Congresses, convened under circumstances so auspicious, would doubtless surpass all previous efforts to bring about a real fraternity of nations, and unite the enlightened people of the whole earth in a general co-operation for the attainment of the great ends for which human society is organized.

The following is the grouping of subjects:

Music, Literature and Art, including Congresses of Authors, Publishers, Librarians, Composers, Painters, Sculptors and the like. Also Medicine, including Public Health, Private Sanitation, and the like.

Religion, Morals and Temperance, including Church Congresses, Missionary Conventions, Sunday-schools, Social Purity, Ethics, Moral and Social Reform, Supression of Vice, etc.

Science, Philosophy, Invention and Education, including Congresses of Colleges, Universities, Teachers, Astronomers, Archæologists, Botanists, Chemists, Electricians, Ethnologists, Geologists, Geographers, Mineralogists, Metallurgists, Zoologists, etc.

Law and Government, including Municipal, General, and International Law; the Administration of Justice; the Government of Cities; Arbitration and Peace; also, Military and Fraternal Orders, such as Knights Templar, etc.

Labour Congresses, Social Improvement Associations, Building Associations, Mutual Benefit Associations, Co-operative Organizations, etc.

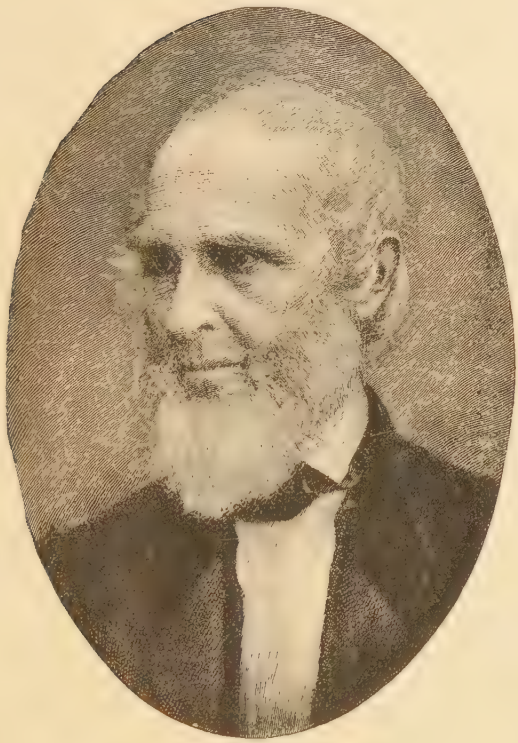
Agriculture, Commerce and Finance, including Agricultural Colleges, Farmers' Societies, Horticulturists, Pomologists, etc.; Boards of Trade, Bankers, Engineers, Railways, and other organizations relating to production, transportation, distribution and exchange.

Jesus is risen, triumphal anthems sing:
Thus from dead winter mounts the sprightly spring,
Thus does the sun from night's black shades return,
And thus the single bird wings from the Arabian urn,
Jesus is risen. He shall the world restore.
Awake, ye dead. Dull sinners, sleep no more.

—*Wesley.*

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

BY THE LATE REV. DR. STAFFORD, LL.D.



JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

This name should bring before the eye a tall, somewhat spare man, with a face tapering toward the point of the chin in a manner that indicates something else than eating and drinking as the leading thought in life; and the brow, rising in well-rounded symmetry, by its classic mould so engages you that you would see nothing else, were it not that a dark eye full of kindness wins your attention and also touches your heart. The whole expression reminds one of such pictures of St. Paul as are yet preserved, and the bust would not be dishonoured beside that of any of the best of the ancient Greek poets. The hair and beard are free from all the affectation of slovenly neglect which is sometimes regarded as the true mark of the poet. Though standing like an old tree from whose side others have fallen away, still, judged by his more recent words and thoughts, his leaf is yet green; but in his 84th year he is near enough to the end to allow of one speaking of his lifework as not in prospect, but as done.

From whence came he to the abundant laurels which this age so willingly twines upon his brow, and to the endeared memory which the people who speak the English language will cherish of him for yet many generations?

In the north-east corner of Massachusetts, about thirty miles from Boston, is a town of some thousands, named Haverhill, and not far away, little more than three-quarters of a century ago, stood a farmhouse—the comfortable home of a prosperous, contented and happy family. Here Whittier was born, and here he spent the first eighteen years of his life, which passed unmarked by any circumstance worthy of note. Sometimes he worked as a shoemaker. In the summer he laboured on the farm, and in winter he made the most of the swiftly flying days studying in the public school. His life was just the same as that through which thousands of country boys who will read this paper are now passing. At eighteen he went into town and spent two years at the academy. His literary tastes developed early and rapidly, and during this period at school his pen began to furnish readable articles to the newspapers; but these are not necessary to account for his fame and influence, but are only worthy of mention because of their effect in determining his mind to the profession of journalism.

Soon after leaving the academy, and when about twenty-one years of age, he became editor of a paper published in Boston, called the *American Manufacturer*, the aim of which was to defend a protective tariff. In performing the duties of a position so uncongenial, and certainly most unpoetic, his influence was widely felt, and he soon built up a reputation as a journalist that pointed him out as a coming man. After a couple of years he took the control of the *New England Weekly Review*, in conducting which the qualities of an earnest political partizan were called into action. Though his work was well and faithfully done, still he was never created to do the work of a servile partizan; and after two or three years he dissolved his connection with this paper; but while engaged upon it he had entered upon the career of a regular author by the publication of a volume of "New England Legends" in prose and verse. This field afforded him the subjects of many of his later poems which have contributed largely to his popularity. Departing from the editorial chair he went to the country, and for a number of years devoted himself to farming, during which period he was twice elected a member of the legislature of his State, the first time when about twenty-seven years of age, and he declined the position on its being offered to him the third time.

Now, all the outward events in Whittier's life which make the most sound in the telling of them have been here mentioned. The world would never ask a question concerning him had he not challenged and won its regard by his poetical compositions.

Anything further that ought to be told of his career in life will naturally come out in considering the various sources of his inspiration as a poet. The greatest of these was undoubtedly the bitter conflict against slavery that extended over his life from boyhood until he was nearly sixty years old. He began very early to develop the only views of slavery which were possible to a nature like his. When a quiet farmer, and especially when in that hot-bed of advanced ideas—the Massachusetts legislature —he grew into a confirmed abolitionist. He had come to regard the evils of slavery as the one great curse and burning shame of his native land, for which no adequate apology was possible, and no alleviation could be more than an insult to common sense, and the spirit of right, and justice, and mercy, as long as the evil itself remained. In his eye the deep shadow grew blacker and blacker against the Southern sky, and spread its sombre hues over all the North. After giving up his seat in the legislature, he threw himself with all his soul into the agitation for freedom. With tongue and pen, in poetry and prose, with burning vehemence, and in awfully realistic language, and with only less rashness and greater wisdom than others, he ceased not to denounce the iniquities of slavery until the enemy he smote was, thirty years later, entirely vanquished, and the honour of his nation forever vindicated from its reproach.

When about twenty-eight he became one of the Secretaries of the Anti-Slavery Society, and a few years later he removed to Philadelphia to take control of the *Pennsylvania Freeman*, which had espoused the doctrines of emancipation. In this sheet, as well as in the columns of the *Anti-Slavery Reporter, National Era,* and other papers, he spoke out without any equivocation on this great subject, during years when to espouse the cause of the slave was to be marked as a fit subject for all the persecution that contempt and malace could invent. It was to dare the martyr's sufferings without being in sight of the martyr's crown. Whittier came upon his share. His printing house was visited by a mob and burned, its contents being destroyed. Though he escaped the personal violence that descended upon the head of Garrison, yet he experienced the hatred and isolation which, even in the North, was the portion of men anointed of God to speak against slavery, even as His prophets of old lifted up their voice against every abuse and wrong. No wonder that his warm heart poured out words that flowed like liquid fire upon the consciences of all who were responsible for these tremendous wrongs! His "Voices of Freedom" contained some forty-six poems full of passion and sympathy, some of them ranking among the best from his pen,

others not so remarkable for the artistic touch of an inspired poet as for the consuming fervour of the invincible champion. When the history of the abolition of slavery shall be correctly told, Whittier will stand in the same rank with Garrison, Wendell Phillips, Mrs. Stowe and others of the same stamp who dared to "beard the lion in his den."

Another source of his poetic inspiration was the intolerance with which those of his own religion had been treated by the New England Puritans. He came from a family of consistent Quakers. The people who fled from religious persecutions in England learned soon to pursue with great violence those who differed from themselves; and the sufferings of the Quakers at their hands furnishes one of the most humiliating pages in all the history of religious intolerance. The stories of the sufferings of his people, told to Whittier when a boy, made an indelible impression upon his mind. With the ripening of his thought in manhood grew up in him an inevitable abhorrence of religious narrowness, only less than his dislike of slavery. These feelings found expression in some, not only of the best poems that came from his pen, but some of the best that can be found in our language on subjects relating to religious liberty. It was impossible for him to be a narrow sectary, and so we find that the tide of feeling that rises high enough to overwhelm Puritan persecutions, has also burst over all narrow restraints of theological dogma. Sometimes he treads on the verge of extreme liberalism, but if the reader will not judge from any one poem, but from all, he will find a heart in love with everything taught in the Holy Word, and disposed to tear away only fetters imposed by men. Such poems as "The Eternal Goodness," "Questions of Life," and the "Answer," furnish striking illustrations of this feeling.

The student will not find any of Whittier's poems in any curriculum of Arts as models from which to study the true form of poetry. He has declared that he is not in the habit of re-writing and polishing, but that, with the warmth he enjoys, when his inspiration is on him, he throws off a poem just as he can at the time, and so gives it to the world. As compared with Bryant, Longfellow, and some others, many of his poems seem deficient in artistic finish; but in a grandeur of simplicity, in a depth of genuine, pure feeling, in the intense love of nature, and the correct interpretation of it, no one who has written in the English language surpasses him. No just estimate of the fruits of the American lyre can be made without a thorough study of his poetry—indeed, we should say, that some knowledge of his writings is necessary to a finished education. He is probably more

largely than any other a truly representative American in his choice of subjects and in his treatment of them. His spotless life challenges unqualified admiration, and justly gives his works a claim to be recognized in the education of the heart in all that is lovely and of good report. None of his poems are of great length. Let the reader make "Snow Bound" a careful study. It is a characteristic poem, and for many reasons it is destined to a long life.

Strange that a heart so full of warmth, and affection, and fidelity, should never have found its mate. Whittier has never married.

THE EASTER VOICE.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

The Grave was voiceless once!
A black, insatiate depth, unlit by sun,
Into which fell and vanished, soon or late,
The brave, the wise, the lovely, one by one
Caught in the grasp of a resistless fate;
Borne where reply, return and hope were none.

The Grave was voiceless once!
Strong men stood helpless, saw their loved ones go,
And rent the air with wild and fruitless cries.
Only the echoes answered to their woe.
Iron seemed the earth, and brass the shining skies,
Deaf to their struggles and their agonies.

The Grave was voiceless once!
But since the Lord arose from deathly strife,
And conquered Death, it speaks and sweetly sings.
"I am the Resurrection, and I the Life.
Dust unto dust; but dust with hope is rife.
There is a second birth for buried things."

The Grave was voiceless once!
O, Christ, who, after three days, spurned the grave,
Who art the very Life of Life, indeed,
We stay us on Thy promise, and are brave,
Although our hearts are dumb with pain and bleed.
We know that Thou art true and strong to save.

The Grave was voiceless once!
But, listening now where frenzied hearts of yore
Listened, we catch from the dark depth beneath,
Sweeter than voice of larks which sing and soar,
"Weep not, Beloved, I have vanquished Death,
And those who live in Me shall die no more."

THE WOMAN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION AND ITS WORK.*

BY FRANCES E. WILLARD.

MISS FRANCES E. WILLARD.

Beloved Comrades of the World's and National White Ribbon Host:

When I consider who are now gathered in this historic hall, the meaning of your presence becomes well-nigh overwhelming. The hands that wave these snowy salutes of welcome have been

*Miss Willard's eloquent and exhaustive report of the work of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, presented at the World's Convention in Boston, in November, 1891, was one of the most masterly documents we ever read. It contains more matter than a whole number of this

placed on the heads of little children, of whom we have three hundred thousand in our Loyal Temperance Legions; they have given out total abstinence pledges to a million tempted men; they have pinned the ribbon white, as the talisman of purity, above the heart of many a tempted prodigal; they have carried bread to the hungry, and broken the bread of life to those who were most hungry of all for that, although they knew it not. These hands have carried petitions for the protection of the home, for the preservation of the Sabbath, for the purification of the law, and during seventeen years of such honest hard work as was almost never equalled, they have gathered not fewer than twenty million names to these petitions. These faces have bent over the bedsides of the dying, for whose souls no one seemed to care; they have illumined with the light, that never shone on sea or shore, many a dark tenement-house in attic and cellar; they have gleamed like stars of hope in the darkest slums of our great cities. These voices have sung songs of deliverance to the prisoners in ten thousand jails and alms-houses; they have brought a breath of cheer into police courts, bridewells and houses of detention all around the world.

These willing feet are more familiar with rough than with smooth pavements. They know the by-ways better than the high-ways. If all their errands could be set in order they would read like the litany of God's deliverance to those bound in the chains of temptation, sorrow and sin. Some touch of all that you have seen and done chastens each forehead and hallows every face. God has helped us to build better than we knew. If these women had their way, and they intend to have it, the taint of alcohol and nicotine would not be on any lip, or in any atmosphere of city, town or village on this globe. If they had their way, and they intend to have it, no gambler could with impunity pursue his vile vocation. If they could have their way, the haunts of shame, that are the zero mark of degradation, would be crusaded out of existence before sundown, and the industrial status of woman would be so independent that these recruiting offices of perdition would seek in vain for victims. If you could have your way, the saloon-keeper would become in every state and nation, as thank God he has already in so many, an outcast, an Ishmaelite, a social Pariah on the face of the earth; for you do

MAGAZINE, and sweeps the whole horizon of moral reform. We have abridged from it two articles which will be of special interest to all temperance workers, and especially to our lady readers. We have pleasure in presenting a portrait of this gifted woman, and in our next number will present a cut of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union Temple, Chicago.

not seek the regulation of the traffic, nor its prohibition even, but its annihilation. You stand for prohibition by law, prohibition by politics, prohibition by woman's ballot, and all these three are but the parts of one tremendous whole.

Since last we met you have been working in the power of the Spirit to help cure the besetting sins peculiar to men and no less the besetting sins peculiar to women. If you would liberate men from being bond slaves to the cigar, the pipe, the cigarette, the bar-room, the decanter, the pack of cards, the pool-room, the haunt of infamy, you are not less in earnest to liberate women from these same vices, so far as we have become slaves to them, and also from our own especially degrading, and I had almost said equally ruinous, bondage to unnatural methods of dress; to spendthrift habits, to sinful idleness, to purposeless frivolity and the weakness of physical fear.

We must teach the maids in the kitchen, that in the sight of God they stand on a par with the thinker in his study, and that all are working to one end. There are three Bibles—those of nature, intuition and revelation, which mother hearts must study. Through these the full powers of man and woman shall be summed at last. A new heaven shall arch over our heads, a new earth shall smile under our feet, and a little child, who is indeed the child of God, shall lead humanity along the beckoning way. "There are bands of ribbonwhite around the world," and you and I, bound by their pure, white clasp, thank God and take courage to wage our peaceful war for God "and home and every land." The white ribbon includes all reforms. Whatever touches humanity touches us. The Dead Sea neither receives no gives. It is the emblem of the selfishness under which the new age will discharge its liveliest dynamite.

Crossing the ocean once our captain said, "There is an iceberg somewhere near. I know it by the mercury falling, and many other indications." We had no inkling of it, but he tacked the ship always with the iceberg in mind, though not in view. At last the sun came out, the fog dispersed, and we saw the spectral invader from the arctic seas gleaming, savage, portentous. The captain told us what its fate would be. It would soon enter the Gulf Stream, and faring on, would be invisibly honeycombed through and through, though still making a formidable appearance above the water-line. But it would grow gradually less, and at last in a whirling motion would disappear in a vortex of its creation.

Since then it has come to me many times that from the arctic seas of unwritten ages, when victorious warriors made themselves

drunk, using the skulls of the vanquished as their goblets, the liquor traffic has been moving down upon us, not less cold, stern and death-like than the iceberg that I saw. But out of sight, beneath the water-line, it is honeycombed already, for there is a Gulf Stream in history that carries summer to every shore it visits. It sets from the warm heart of Christ; it flows from the Bible's open page, and by its mild and steady power this whitened monster of a savage age has become disintegrated far more deeply than we think. It is even now tottering to its fall, and shall, ere many generations, disappear under the steady resistless stream of love towards God and love to man caused by the Gospel's rising wave on every island, on every coast.

Questions about our attitude toward different creeds are often asked me, and I have no answer better than the one that you perhaps have noticed this year floating in the great Gulf Stream of the daily press: "Our creed is Jesus Christ. Any belief in Him—the smallest—being assumed better than any belief about Him—the greatest—or for that matter about anything else." There are many denominations, but the different branches bear the self-same fruit; they all draw life from the same hidden root, which we seeking it know as life. By this we judge rather than by the words written in their creeds.

The stress once laid upon theological dogmas is now put upon Christian philanthropy. When a millionaire dies few ask if he was orthodox, but everybody wants to know if he was generous. Not to give freely of one's gold is to be dishonoured in one's death. But the rich who hold their castles in trust for the people's happiness, as our Lady Henry Somerset does, they are beloved and humanity holds them tenderly to its great heart.

The newest idea in philanthropy is the giving of one's self. Once it was playfully said by somebody, "Here's my check, send somebody else"; now it is rapidly becoming, "Here am I, send me." By this is meant, "Send me across the wild oceans into wild and savage islands; send me to some foreign clime and race." But in the fulness of time, behold, all races have sought us, the English-speaking people on our own shores, and the home missionary is a foreign missionary too. There are to-day in this country twenty-five different groups of deaconesses, who are being trained and taught their work—four denominations, at least, having officially sanctioned this old way newly restored in the Church. These women, in consideration of being relieved from all thought of what shall we eat? or, what shall we drink? or, wherewithal shall we be clothed and sheltered? give their entire time and efforts to the less fortunate classes, going among them from house

to house, counselling with them, reading the Word of Life, kneeling in prayer, and at the same time learning the practical needs of the household; helping the poor, nursing the sick, and in every way proving that the religion of Christ is not a theory but a reality. All the theologians combined are not doing so much to reinstate the Gospel among the masses as are these everyday workers sent out from Moody's training-schools, from the homes of the deaconesses, and from the barracks of the Salvation Army.

When the dockyard men had their great strike in London, a good Christian who was among their leaders—a workman like themselves, but taught of God—gathered around him an audience of these rough, uncouth men who were standing idly about, and told them what he thought Christ would do if He lived in that great city to-day and owned the wharves. So earnest were his words, and so practical his representation of the Christ-life, that when he had finished, one of those rough men took off his hat and cried out: "I never heard of Him before, but here's three cheers for Him anyhow," in which the mob joined with a right good will. What a lesson was in that scene for the thoughtful Christian man and woman! The world will always cheer for those who comfort its heart when it aches, who feed it when it is hungry, who go out to it when it is hopeless, and this is just what the disciples of Christ are for, and unless they do this they are a libel upon Him, and an embodied blasphemy upon His good news Gospel.

Those true-hearted women, who have gone to the slums of London, New York, Chicago, and who in the midst of the darkness have "put a light in the window for thee," who could be more trusted or beloved by the people among whom they dwell than they are?

Arnold Toynbee, whose monument is Toynbee Hall, in the heart of London's heathenism, was a new revelation of the Lord. The college settlement of young women who make a home for themselves after graduating from college, in some darkened quarter of the great city, are exponents of the gospel.

So the good work goes on. The new territory is pre-empted and woman's mighty realm of philanthropy encroaches each day upon the empire of sin, disease and misery that has so long existed we thought it must endure for ever. But there remains an immense territory to be possessed. The Church itself must have a new crusade. It must become the people's home. Its doors of gospel grace must stand open night and day; it must not be a huge lock-up cube of masonry, with a dead atmosphere inside during six days of the week, for such cannot be the

twentieth century exponent of the Church of Him who went about doing good. We must draw the people to the church by having something there for them which will lead them up through the material to the perception and love of spiritual blessings. The widening wonder of Christ's gospel, which to my mind includes all that is worthy of mention in this world, whether wrought out by hand, or head, or heart, is in itself the central sun of temperance reform, of which our work is but a bright adventurous ray.

To my mind the greatest result that the first century of organized temperance reform has wrought, is the isolating of the traffic into special channels. Anatomists speak of "dissecting out" a nerve or muscle. It is a work of great patience and delicacy. They must separate the fraction sought from all surrounding tissues and protecting environments. So to dissect out, to lay bare and separate the alcohol trade from all others; to isolate it in the saloon; to hedge its dealers into a class by themselves, with which no others intermeddleth, save the machine politician, and the floater called a voter—this is the supreme achievement of Christian civilization, in its war upon the drinks "that steal away the brain." For it is a cardinal principle in every kind of warfare that you must first isolate your enemy, that you may successfully deal him the *coup de grace;* you must cut off both supplies and retreat before victory is sure.

The criticism is often made that the white-ribboners attempt too many things, but in attempting so many lies one of their secrets of power. By so doing they appeal to so many different temperaments, tastes, and environments. Notwithstanding the complexity of its departments, the Woman's Christian Temperance Union is like a sun-glass which brings to a focus rays enough to light the fires of patriotism and philanthropy in many hearts hitherto dormant and dull.

It is most interesting to see how we have swung from negative to positive with the pendulum of progress. At first we had a backhanded, vague vocabulary; now it is clear-cut and forceful. We then emphasized most of all, as we do now, the prohibition of the liquor traffic, but long ago we learned to build our argument on the protection of the home. "Where there's drink there's danger;" this is our white-ribbon creed boiled down. The name given to strong drink in Africa is "shame water." Let Boston, which in the last year sent from her wharves over a million gallons of rum, valued at more than a million dollars, to the Dark Continent, meditate upon this shame. In 1890 the Woman's Christian Temperance Union sent out one hundred and twenty millions of pages of temperance literature.

From the first it has been an earnest wish of mine that pastors of churches would organize local branches of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union within their own denominational fold. There are myriads of good women who will attend a meeting in their own church when they will not go elsewhere; not because they have no interest in the outside meeting, but largely because they have not out-branching minds.

Ex-President Hayes aptly calls the forty-five hundred jails and prisons of this country "compulsory schools of crime," because boys and men are herded together by the government. "God setteth the solitary in families" and the key-note of protection for friendless children is—a bright home that they may still further brighten. A drunkard in Chicago so abused and starved his wife that she died, when he sold her body to a medical college and had a protracted spree on the proceeds. Wherein is this a less furious cruelty than that of the Australian Chief, who made his wife build a fire, then told her he had decided to kill her and cook her for his dinner, and proceeded to suit the action to the word?

Over five million singing birds are annually required by dealers to ornament the hats of American women. So says the Report of the Ornithological Society, and yet women are the kindest and most considerate of beings, and singing birds are the most ethereal and lovely of the animal creation. Put these two facts together, and then admit that woman has a fearful frivolity about her, as fatuous as any of the minor vices that we deplore in man.

"He that sinneth against Me wrongeth his own soul; all they that hate Me love death." This teaching is the Gibraltar of God in human life. Built upon its immutable foundation stands the beautiful temple of scientific temperance instruction, pillar after pillar being added to its white façade as into little hands are put the text books of those sacred truths that are written in our members.

Canada and Australia, the Hawaiian Islands and Japan are putting the temperance text book under the corner stone of the invisible "temperance temples" everywhere building, and in England the Public Schools will, ere long, be as thoroughly fitted out with this teaching as are our own.

The Press.—Evermore the press looms up as a great power, too vast for us to understand. There are four thousand daily papers alone, and fourteen thousand papers of all kinds in this country. James Russell Lowell said:

"For three dollars a year I may buy a season ticket to the Globe Theatre,

for which God writes the dramas, whose scene-shifter is Time, and whose curtain is rung down by Death. We glance carelessly at the sunrise and we get used to Orion and the Pleiades. The wonder wears off and to-morrow this sheet, in which a vision was let down to me from heaven, shall be the wrappage for a bar of soap or the platter for a beggar's broken victuals."

For some occult reason, women are slow to realize that the most powerful friend they have in all their work is the press; they can subsidize its vast resources without money and without price; they can spread the glad tidings of their gospel on every breeze by means of the white wings that fly so fast and far from the windows of Newspaper Row. Let us keep a single eye steadily fixed on the printed page, and resolve that we will replace some of its paragraphs, dripping with suicide and murder, by clean, strong, helpful words that shall conduce toward a life of equilibrium.

Labour.—The rationale of the labour question is, "My Father worketh hitherto and I work." As the thought of man moves along the path of power, earth with her thousand voices praises God, and men find that they cannot get away from Him. He is the light, the life, the movement of the universe, and it begins to look as if the final analysis that the utmost human power of the mind can make of God is that He is the greatest and most beneficent of powers, although the most unseen, the most removed, yet nearest, so that every heart may have, if it but wills to open like a little blossom up toward God, what Christians call "the witness of the Spirit," and that this is an expression as strictly scientific as any proposition in geometry.

The waves of humanity are lifting themselves higher on the shore than in any previous age. As you study the source of power you find it is in the centre of the wave. The ragged edge below carries but sediment; the bright crest is but feathery foam. This is an emblem of the great truth that the middle class, in every age and nation, carries reforms. Its equilibrium of nature and environment enables it to do so. It is broad-shouldered for the purpose, it is the fit survival, and nothing can withstand its power. Generously it carries the dregs of humanity in its train, and where its great waves go, the foaming whitecaps of wealth and fashion follow.

As I gazed once on a martial scene my thoughts were of another army that from curbstone to curbstone marches along the streets of our great cities in these days to the music of a new hope. They are the captains of industry, the master workmen, the chiefs of the brotherhood, the great disciplined, unified, ballot-battalioned army of wage-workers, who are sure to win because they are not

now each one out with his shooting iron to seek his own sweet will and fire at random, but are marshalled by millions into a militia whose guns are ballots, whose bullets are ideas. A generation will not pass until the ungloved army of whom God said, "sweat for foreheads, and not crowns," shall be the monarchs of the world. A woman's eye soon detects in this new movement meaning more masterful than any other that centuries have witnessed, for in this industrial army women are welcome; they keep step to the company's music, they march with the regiment, they are part and parcel of the pageant, and its victory will be their own.

Perhaps nothing more significant has occurred this year than the fact, that at the great labour convention in Belgium, the single plank in their platform on which they all agreed was the equality of the sexes in rights and liberties. We are told that the working men of Europe, there gathered, hailed this with magnificent enthusiasm and applause. It looks as if the truest chivalry is born into the world once more among the lowly.

The labour question is our question. Prostrate and crushed under the mountains of injustice that are piled upon the poor, lies the degraded woman to whom financial independence, equal pay for equal work, has often proved the lifting level to a rehabilitated life.

But under all this lies the temperance question. They tell us that the saloon is "the poor man's club." When I hear that I often say to myself, "What is his wife's club, I wonder?" Alas, too often, coming home as he does freighted with beer, she finds that hers is the shillalah!

The Knights of Labour have a glorious motto: "That is the most perfect government in which an injury to one is the concern of all." That idea must be worked out into custom and law and we will help to do it, but that idea has sobriety and prohibition at its core.

The railroads of America employ seven hundred thousand men; they have nine billions of capital invested, and one hundred and sixty thousand miles of track. They have been the making of this country; but the thought is becoming strongly entrenched in the minds of the people that this great monopoly might more safely belong to the entire nation than to a few railroad kings; the same is true of the telegraphic and telephonic lines. That this change will be effected within the next quarter of a century is hardly to be doubted by those who study the signs of the times. While we do not adopt as a finality the representations made by poets and romancers concerning the social outlook, we know that in all ages the poet has been the prophet of humanity

more than other men. His intellect, far sighted, gave him a more brotherly heart than his fellows, and I believe the greatest heart that ever beat, even that of the Founder of our religion, energizes the labour movement of our time, even as Christ set before the world in the early Church an object lesson in community of interests, property and comfort which is yet to be universally realized among men.

Life has but one problem to solve, how self may be driven from the throne and love placed there in its stead. Practically worked out this problem is to substitute for the old motto, "each for himself and the devil take the hindmost," this truer one, "each for the other that there may be no hindermost for the devil to take."

How shall life in its purpose and environment most completely lend itself to Love? All sincere reformers are to-day occupied with this supreme inquiry.

For myself, I have become convinced that while the indwelling of God's spirit by its transforming power can alone meet and mellow our hearts so that the selfishness will thaw out, and the glow of love replace its Arctic cold, the best practical application of a loving heart will come through Christian socialism; co-operation driving out competition; community of goods replacing the wage system and "all ye are brethren" becoming the watch-word of a holier, happier time. When I recite the Creed these days, it means vastly more to me in every way than it did ten years ago, but no shining sentence in it has gained a brighter glow than the words, "I believe in the communion of saints." I now think that this refers to the purer days of Christ's early Church, when, as the New Testament so simply and beautifully says, "They had all things in common." There were then no rich, no poor, but all dwelt together in unity of the spirit and the bond of peace. I believe that this condition of things is as sure to return as Christ is true, and I urge my sisters to pray and study much this living question, warm with the love of God and of humanity.

Social Purity.—Where the purity of the white ribbon takes us, there let us go; where the outcome of its logic leads us, there we may safely adventure; where the tenderness of its pity compels us, there let us never hesitate. It is indeed God's talisman for us of purity, patriotism, peace. Its white light will expose to every woman who is sincere and earnest the true inwardness of her own motives, and will guide her on to higher and holier purposes, "for God and Home and every Land."

There are three million paupers in this country, and four hun-

dred *élite* in the metropolis; and between trying to reach the "scum and the dregs," to use the Boston writer's striking classification—the earnest worker has her hands full, for, as between purpose and drift in these days, that worker is apt to be a woman. Men are too busy; their purpose condenses around the dollar's golden rim; their drift is toward amusement in off hours to drive dull care away. Meanwhile the average woman is developing her mind; six thousand girls are in colleges, having six millions of money at their disposal, and the intelligent class is that from which philanthropists, reformers and statesmen are recruited.

I undertake to say that it would be a thousand-fold better if so many children were not born to furnish bullet meat for Czar and Emperor; convicts for the prison; lunatics for the asylum; drunkards for the dram shops; and murderers for the rope. The one important thing is, that the little ones shall be nobly endowed when they do come, shall find pure, strong hands to welcome them; wholesome homes in which to be nurtured, and a fostering mother in the State instead of a hard-faced Gorgon who whips them with the lash of poverty, stuns and stupefies them with the witch's broth of ignorance, and scars them with the hot iron of temptation and crime.

For my part I believe the steady head of the world, when clarified from alcohol and nicotine, will perceive that its supreme achievements are in the continent of philanthropy, in the fertile valleys of human nature, not in the coarse, mud embankments and roaring sluice-ways of our present material civilization. Then let us glorify the vocation of motherhood above all other, for the only queen that shall survive is the mother on her rocking-chair throne, with a curly-headed subject kneeling by her side, a soft hand on its pure forehead, and its sweet voice saying, "Now I lay me down to sleep."

THE MESSAGE OF THE LILIES.

O QUICKENING life of Easter day,
O burst of sunny bloom!
"The Lord has risen!" lilies say,
In gush of sweet perfume.

"Rise, Lord, within our hearts!" we cry,
Through strange, bright mists of tears,—
"O show us 'neath this Easter sky
Love's own immortal years!"

—*Margaret Deland.*

MORNING LIGHT IN MANY LANDS.

BY REV. JAMES AWDE, B.A.

This is the alliterative, melodious title of a unique book of travel, given to the public last autumn, by Dr. Daniel March. Books of travel are as common, in these days of rapid transit, as influenza or the daily paper, and when we meet with one we are apt to take it up, glance at the cover or a picture, and, with a mere taste of its style or quality, throw it aside. This, however, is not an ordinary book of its class, and merits from the earnest Christian reader more than a passing notice. Faults the book has, as any clear-minded and candid critic will perceive, but it is not our purpose to deal with the flaws that appear in the plan and method of the volume. Nay, we are prepared to condone the occasional verbosity, the tendency to redundancy and repetition which make the closing chapters a little tiresome, when we are apprised of the misfortune which met the author in the production of this book. In the preface he informs us that—

"The book would have been much larger, and, I hope, much better, if a messenger of the Prince of Darkness had not come in the night and stolen away all that I had written with painstaking care of mission-work seen on the journey from Prague in Bohemia, to Shanghai in China. The plunder did nought to enrich the thief and it left me poor indeed. If he had been half as ready to bring back the spoil as I was to forgive the theft and to reward the return, my readers would have had a better book and I should have been spared the one great loss in a long journey."

This story of travel runs over a distance of forty thousand miles. Should a camel move at the common pace of the desert, and keep going forward six days in the week without stopping, for four years, he would complete the circuit of the earth, and Dr. March travelled fifteen thousand miles farther than this. The route beginning at Boston, extended through Europe and the Orient, traversing mainly the great missionary fields in Japan and China, in the provinces of India, in the Holy Land, in Egypt and Africa. Our author evidently enjoyed his long and varied tour, but, if you ask him, "Is the journey round the world pleasant and easy all the way?" he will tell you that depends upon who goes and why he goes. Some go like the sea-birds that follow the ship, seeming never to rest and never to tire; while others go, like the camel in the desert, groaning and complaining when they are loaded in the morning and when the load is removed at night.

Some go and return with a doleful tale of daily and numberless annoyances, relating how everything was wrong or out of joint, they were sea-sick, land-sick, and home-sick. Such persons had better stay at home and read books of travel, and from their own firesides launch out "upon a voyage of the mind."

The other class of travellers find the best of everything, the best ship, the best train, the best donkey, the best hotel fare, the best company, and the best sights. They find friends and sunshine all the way, and when they return home and tell their story it is so bright and cheery that all their friends want to circumnavigate the earth next season. Dr. March belongs to the more genial and fortunate class of travellers. He met with no accident, never missed a connection, never failed to get the conveyance he wanted, never was misled, never lost his way when there was any to lose; if any person cheated or lied to him, he did not know it and so it did not hurt him. He felt that, through the hospitalities received, he had added a hundred homes to his own, and he set foot upon America again throbbing with the lofty sentiment of universal human brotherhood.

Exceedingly graphic is his account of the various modes of travel by which this long journey was accomplished. For days and nights and weeks his home is on the great iron steamer, bound and barred with ribs and rods of steel, her mighty engines toiling without rest under the fiery impulse of the seven-fold heated furnace, her keel ploughing the waves ten times deeper than the subsoil plough the prairies, yet leaving no furrow behind. On the Bosphorus, the Hoogly, and the Merriam, he takes passage on the miniature steam launch, run by an engine as big as a bushel basket, and it bore him as safely as the huge hulk that furnishes quarters for a thousand men. On the coast of India he rides in a serf-boat, that goes though the breakers like a stormy petrel rejoicing in the tempest. Again he trusts his life to a craft so small that he must sit down in the middle, and not lean to one side lest the tiny cockleshell should upset its living cargo into the deep. He travels on a canal in Siam, in a house-boat, propelled by poles, or drawn by men, who make a tow-path on the bank, wading, waist deep, in mud and water—and making a mile an hour; and a small wire ring on the captain's left ankle was all the clothing that the four boatmen wore.

Among conveyances on the land—a common favourite in all the East is the donkey. Everywhere he is kicked and cuffed and starved, he kicks back, and makes night hideous with his awful bray. But he is the patient and useful servant of any man who can accept the lowly condition, and enjoy the music.

We see the tall doctor then serenely mounted on an animal so small that he scarcely knows whether the human or the asinine feet are doing the walking. In contrast to this, from Jeypoor to Amber and back he rides on an elephant so large that it seems he has mounted a black boulder of the hills, and it is rolling along the highway without knowing that two pigmies are perched upon its back. In one district he makes long journeys on a phæton drawn by four horses, harnessed abreast and driven by a turbaned Turk at a speed that would satisfy the fast life of young America, and in the same country he is drawn through the Shipka Pass, by four oxen, at a pace so slow that a moderate walk would leave it far behind.

In Travancore he rides all night in an ox-bandy, lying on his back in a bed of straw; and in Northern Syria he rides days and weeks on horses, whose hard trot makes the camel's long, swinging gait seem like lullaby to the weary rider. All over Japan he is whirled over smooth roads in the snug little man-cart, called the jinrikisha, and at first feels unwilling to be like a baby in a perambulator, but in the end submits without losing his self-respect. In Ceylon he rides in an American rockaway waggon, which is propelled at a rapid pace by five coolies, two before to pull and three behind to push, each party responding to the other with shout and cheer as they fly before the wind. In the great city of Pekin his carriage is a springless cart, the box bolted to a wooden axle, the cover shaped like a dog-kennel, not high enough to stand up in, and with no seat to sit upon, the only endurable place for the passenger being on the shaft at the tail of the horse, where in the dry season he is covered with dust, and in the wet season with mud; but even this is better than walking in the streets of that proud city.

Over stone roads and rice-fields, in Fuchan, he is borne many miles in a chair, resting on the shoulders of men, and never seemed to himself so heavy as when he saw those men panting up the steep places on the route, never came so near losing his self-respect. And yet, last of all, and most astonishing of all to himself, he confesses he is carried up a mountain five hundred feet high, in a Sedan chair, and the bamboo poles which bear his masculine weight actually rest upon the shoulders of women. He objects, but the women must have the pay. He offers the money if he may be allowed to walk, but is told that will demoralize the people and make trouble; so he takes his seat in the chair, and the women lift the weight to their shoulders and move on. The mercury is in the nineties, the women shout and sing as they go, while he, wretched man, shadows his face with an

umbrella for very shame to see himself carried in such a fashion. This incident gives room for a gentle homily to the ladies of America, the most blessed of all women of the earth. They sometimes complain that they are shut out from occupations that are open to men. Let them go to the far East and they will find these restrictions removed.

"Of all lands on earth, America is the paradise of women, and it becomes them to preserve that paradise in pure and holy keeping, lest rash and restless spirits, under the name of reform, should make it a pandemonium of contending passions, or a trampled arena of political strife."

It is the great and divine mission of American women to teach the millions of their sisters in Asia that one of the prime factors of progress and happiness is the Christian home.

Having become acquainted with this traveller, we now consider the object of his long and various journey. This purpose was, if possible, by actual observation on the field, to obtain some personal knowledge of the missionary work, the men, the fields, the methods, the converts, the prospects, and the ground for hope, "that the populous East will produce greater and better men and mightier works in the future." Some travellers go round the globe and never meet a missionary, or a native convert, and come home to decry the missionary movement. In reply to a certain voluble officer—who had given glowing descriptions of his prowess in tiger-hunting—a missionary who was present retorted he had never seen a tiger, and therefore could ridicule the hunter's thrilling narrative.

Dr. March, however, went abroad with the purpose of seeing the mission-field with his own eyes. He was resolved to look at the dark and discouraging side of missions, if such a side there be. He went as an unbiased and independent witness. "I went just where I pleased, stayed as long as I pleased, paid my own expenses, and came home when the Lord's good providence brought me back in safety and in peace." He kept his eyes and ears and all his faculties open for observation on the way. He asked questions everywhere and of everybody who could give information. He saw personally more than seven hundred missionaries who were spending their lives in this service. He made use of twelve languages besides his own, and spoke to audiences in all manner of places. He was entertained by missionaries of all denominations, and received information and hospitality from men of every grade of social rank, the most distinguished and the most obscure. He saw multitudes of converts, churches, schools, colleges, and homes, Christian and heathen. He talked

with men in hotels and railway trains, on steamships, in shops, offices and streets. He asked employers—native and foreign—inquiring into the character and genuineness of the converts. He listened to men who criticised or condemned all methods of missionary labour—and would send the workers home—he heard the talk of men who advised the Christians to first agree among themselves, before they teach the heathen; he heard the stories retailed for years on Oriental steamers and hotels, about the luxurious and lazy life of the missionaries, and travelled ten thousand miles among the heathen in search of missionaries so living, but he did not find them.

He saw multitudes of heathen converts, attended their churches and Sunday-schools, heard them preach, and pray, and sing, and tried to test the reality of their new life. With no pre-conceived notions or theories to advocate, he made himself a learner everywhere, seeking only to ascertain the facts, and as the result of his prolonged and minute inquiries into all questions concerning the missionary work, in all parts of the field, he says—

"It is a great happiness to come home and to say, to all who will hear, that our brethren in the foreign field are faithful to their high and sacred calling, and that the blessing of God is upon their labour. Slowly, surely, the dawn brightens in the dark places of the earth, and every sign shows that the full day is drawing near."

We will now point out some of those gleams of "morning light" that presage the fulness of a more glorious day for the missionary workers and for those pagan peoples for whose redemption they labour.

The imagination of the observant traveller is powerfully impressed *by the marks of old age and decay in the religious systems of the East.* All over India, and Burmah, and Siam, and China, and Japan, he sees monumental evidences of a power which was great and mighty in former ages, but which has now no part in the moving forces of the world. This power dazzled the past with a false material splendour, but cannot live in the new light which breaks over the mountains. True, the mass of the people are still pagan in creed and practice, but they are losing faith in the old superstitions. Now and then they feel a spasmodic motion caused by the touch of a Christian idea, but they have no heart in their attachment to the huge idolatries in which they have been reared. Those old religions are decrepit, stagnant, incapable of progress. That which does not advance will recede, decay and finally disappear. The monuments, temples and tombs, gorgeous and costly, the admiration of all beholders, belong to

the past, and tell of an age never to return. They will never be repeated.

Dr. March saw two hundred pagodas far up the Irrawaddy River, and thousands in Burmah and Siam, but he saw not one new, not one in process of building, not one undergoing repairs. The rock temples of India, extending along two miles of a mountain side, all cut out of sold stone, one of them three times the size of the largest Protestant church in America, with altars, shrines, images and dwellings for the priests, made at an enormous cost of money and labour, are to-day desolate, without workmen or worshippers. No such temples are being built to-day. Those vast revenues which pagan princes once applied to create those stupendous monuments of superstition, will, in the new-day, be devoted to the good of the people and the cause of human progress. The Theosophists may for an hour galvanize a small member of the corpse into a semblance of life, and the genial Sir Edwin Arnold may talk, in his pleasing way, about renewing a Buddhist temple in Japan, but those systems are effete, stagnant, and will dissolve in the presence of the Christian civilization of the West.

Our traveller found a resting-place, for three weeks, at a Buddhist temple, fifteen miles from Pekin. With other temples in the vicinity it was rented as a summer residence to foreigners from the capital. The most sacred spot of this temple was used as a wash and ironing-room, with the full knowledge and consent of the priests. It was named the temple of "Everlasting Rest." A fit place to bury Buddhism in its chosen everlasting sleep—a Nirvana from which it will never wake again.

Over against this is placed *the vitality of the missionary movement*. We are coming to the centennial of William Carey. With what a chorus of scornful laughter he was greeted when he proposed to open a mission in India. Men still living can remember when Foreign Missions were esteemed a mere experiment. The leading spirits of the Churches were rather dubious, while the outside world looked on with mingling ridicule and pity, and said it was a religious craze which would vanish in a day. It became a fruitful theme for the witlings and scribblers of the secular press. The great and honourable East India Company, the most gigantic corporation in England, after a long debate, solemnly declared the sending of missionaries to the heathen, to be "the maddest, the most extravagant, the most expensive, the most unwarrantable project that was ever proposed by a lunatic enthusiast." But a few years later that same Company gave seventy-five thousand dollars to print a dictionary made by one

of those "lunatic" missionaries. That great and mighty board of directors, who ruled over more millions than Cæsar, has been dead and buried more than thirty years; now is none so poor to do it reverence, but that missionary enterprise has passed the period of adverse criticism, was never so full of life and power as to-day, never was advancing so rapidly, and never had so fair a prospect of winning the whole world for Christ.

Success dispels doubts, experience teaches believers, hard work tempers the rash impulses of the sanguine, and the brightening prospect kindles the cold-hearted into assurance of hope. No greater test of faith or courage awaits the Church than she has already stood, no hindrance can arise but such as have been overcome. The Gospel has entered into conflict with all grades of human society, all depths of ignorance and degradation, all extremes of savage life, and among them all it has been demonstrated to be the power and wisdom of God unto salvation. The missionaries are full of hope and brave to leap into the battle.

"I have met personally," says Dr. March, "with more than seven hundred of them in the field, and they told me their trials and their conflicts with the utmost frankness, when I asked them to do so, but not one of them ever spoke as if labouring in support of a hopeless cause, not one of them expressed a desire to be released and called home."

The missionary movement is vital and sweeps onward with accelerated momentum and velocity. The preparatory work cost years of weary waiting, and much heart-sickness through hope deferred, but it has been well done. It is hard to win an advance post, and often harder to hold it. But taking the whole field as a unit, there has been little giving up of ground, no surrender to superior force, no proposal to close the campaign with less than total conquest, no striking of the ancient banner, no suppression of the war-cry—"The whole world for Christ."

Our traveller, when in the ancient city of Damascus, looked for some memorial of the house in which Saul of Tarsus received his sight. He desired to stand on the spot where the first mighty missionary apostle began his flaming career. He ascended a stone staircase, and went out upon the house-top. He passed from roof to roof, till he came to an open space, which he cleared at a leap, and came to a broad, high wall, on which was carved, in a curved line of large letters, the Greek inscription: "Thy kingdom, O Christ, is the kingdom of all ages, and Thy dominion is from generation to generation." This wall has become part of a Mohammedan mosque, and thus the dumb stones of a Moslem temple proclaim the vitality and permanence of the Gospel of the Kingdom of Christ.

Another sign of the day, which brightens over heathen lands, *is the opening of channels for the rapid diffusion of the light.* We can but outline, in a few sentences, the brilliant chapter on this subject. The intelligent traveller will often question with himself whether the ages of darkness and conflict will be repeated in the future, or whether the human race will ever come into one harmonious and happy brotherhood. He has only to keep his eyes open and his mind attentive to discover tendencies to such unity among the nations as never existed in any past age. Some of these tendencies are material, some are intellectual, some spiritual, and all are fraught with good cheer and inspiration for the missionary. The great influences which are considered as bringing the nations closer together, and facilitating the spread of religious ideas, and thus hastening the day of "the Parliament of man, the Federation of the World," are the increased facilities for travel, progress in the useful arts, advance in scientific knowledge, diffusion of the English language, and the widening knowledge of the true God.

These significant facts, in the life of the great nations of the Orient, are amplified with a copious range of illustration. The telegraph is a sympathetic nerve. The railway is an uncompromising democrat. The useful arts and inventions, that save labour and improve the material conditions of the masses, all come from Christian nations and are penetrating into the dense populations to prepare the way of the Lord. The advance of science is a light which will expose and demolish the superstitions whose home and element is in the darkness. The English language, with its rich freight of literature and religion, is spreading everywhere, and even when it goes for purposes of commerce and politics, its sentences are often messenger pigeons, bearing under their swift wings some plain letter or cypher which, being interpreted, reads "God loves the world and gave His Christ."

"I believe that the English language is the chosen and sacred medium which Divine Providence will use to bring the Eastern nations to right conceptions of truth and duty. Its progress in our day is a clear indication of the coming of an age when all the nations shall have one language, one faith, and one law of duty and of love to God and to each other."

Ingenious men are at work endeavouring to invent a universal language. It is all labour lost. The true and only "Volapuk" is our sweet and musical mother-tongue. All these forces bring the nations closer together.

"Lands intersected by a narrow frith
Abhor each other. Mountains interposed

Make enemies of nations, who had else
Like kindred drops been mingled into one."

Thus years ago could a poet sing. But that day is passing away.

"I stepped into a telegraph office in Hong-Kong, at nine o'clock in the morning, and wrote words which were in the capital of one of our southern cities before sunrise the same day. They had travelled faster than the sun, and had completed half the circuit of the globe in the time that I took to climb the hill above the city and look down upon the shipping in the harbour. When men can talk to each other at that distance apart they are not likely to keep up the old heathen notion that all people are barbarians but themselves. Truly the morning cometh."

In conclusion, we refer to the power of the Gospel as exemplified in its transformation of all types of heathen character. This radiant morning beam flashes from many pages of this volume, but one example must suffice. Every traveller in China, passing through the streets, frequently sees groups of men seated upon the ground, listening to one who stands talking to them by the hour with great freedom and animation. He is a story-teller. He recites ancient traditions or romances of his own invention, dresses them in gaudy colours of fancy and declaiming them with all the grace, energy and eloquence at his command, at the close taking a collection, expecting that each of his hearers will make a small contribution for his share of the entertainment. The fact of the story-teller's power over his rude audience arrested the attention of an earnest and ingenious missionary who resolved to use this way of preaching the Gospel to the natives. He cast the main facts and teachings of Christ's life into a connected narrative, making it as vivid and dramatic as possible. Then he selected a Chinese Christian, a man quick-witted, susceptible, and fluent in speech and to him he told the story, charging him to give close attention and be ready to repeat what he had heard. The man's memory had been well trained by exercise in his own language and he readily mastered the graphic story of the Christ, and knew it as well as his teacher. He was then charged to go home and tell the story to his friends and neighbours. His home was in the country, two hundred miles away, but he went to his native village, conning over the story on the journey. On the evening after his arrival he called his nearest neighbour into his cabin and said: "I heard a good story when I was at the sea coast, and I will tell it you." And he unfolded the wondrous tale, step by step, coming to the tragic climax of the cross. The man who hears it for the first time is deeply moved, and the next evening a company is gathered at the cabin, and

by the story-teller's message the village was stirred, a place of worship built, and a Church gathered into the sacred brotherhood of Christ before a missionary had ever set foot in the place.

"In one province in China there are to-day fifty churches, self-supporting, self-taught in the Word of Life, growing constantly into greater usefulness, and more intelligent faith, and all of them came into being by the simple and natural recital of the words and works and sacrifice of Jesus, by this one Chinese story-teller who had caught his message from the lips of the man of God, in the city by the sea."

Among the proud Brahmins, the sleepy Buddhists, and the pitiable victims of the opium intoxication, among the flat-headed Fuegans, and the savage cannibals, among the Moslems, with their merciless creed of conquest, and among the Indians, with their dream of a temporal Messiah; yea, among all races and classes of heathen men, we have abundant proof that the Gospel is the power and the wisdom of God. Thus may we rest in perfect confidence upon the Divine promise that upon all pagan nations, the day shall break and the shadows flee away. "The one cause which is certain to triumph, and which, by means of God's greatest and best gift to mankind, will fill the earth with peace and gladness, is the cause which comes before the Church in every appeal for foreign missions."

BRANTFORD, Ont.

EASTER HYMN.

THERE was a grave in a garden once,
Wherein no man had lain,
Thither they carried the Lord of Life,
Dead from his cross of pain.
They set a guard; and sealed the stone;
And left Him there to sleep alone.

The Sabbath passed, and the morning broke
Over the Eastern hill.
The Temple front flashed glittering rays;
The city was sleeping still;
The guard had fled; the Mighty Dead
Had risen from His rocky bed.

O! Lord of Life, who for us didst die,
For us, art risen again!
Grant that our love for Thee may rise
To the measure of Thy pain;
Till all our hope and longing be,
To die to sin, and live to Thee!

THE STABAT MATER.

BY PHILIP SCHAFF, D.D.

THE Stabat Mater ranks next to the Dies Iræ among the Latin hymns of the Middle Ages. It is considered the most pathetic, as the other is the grandest, of religious lyrics. It is inferior to the Dies Iræ in force and majesty, but equal in melody and superior in tenderness. This difference corresponds to the difference of the theme: for one is a passion hymn, and hence tender, touching, and sympathetic; the other is a judgment hymn, and hence solemn, awful, and overpowering like the Day of Wrath itself.

We must not forget, however, that there are two Stabat Maters —the one long known and used in public service, the other only recently brought to light. We may distinguish them as the Mater Dolorosa and the Mater Speciosa from their first lines: "Stabat Mater dolorosa" and "Stabat Mater speciosa." The former is a Good Friday hymn, the latter a Christmas hymn. The one sings the joys of Mary at the cradle of her divine-human Son, the other laments the sufferings of Mary at the cross. The Mater Speciosa expresses in words what Raphael's Madonnas represent in colour; the Mater Dolorosa corresponds to the pictures of the Mater Dolorosa by Carlo Dolce, and other great masters.

Both these hymns are generally ascribed to Jacobus de Benedictis or Giacopone, a Franciscan lay brother, who lived in the latter half of the thirteenth and the beginning of the fourteenth century, and died about 1306. He was a contemporary of Dante Alighiera and of Pope Boniface VIII. He was ridiculed by the world as a pious crank or fool, owing to his ascetic eccentricities. He was certainly a man of intense piety and a poetic genius bordering on the line of insanity. He was carried away with the enthusiasm for the literal imitation of Christ in his poverty and unworldliness. This was the fundamental idea and aim of St. Francis of Assisi and the mendicant order which he founded. He was intoxicated with love for the suffering Saviour, and had a morbid longing for the miracle of stigmatization, or the impress of the wound-prints of Christ, which the legend reports of St. Francis. He wrote a number of Italian hymns, full of mystic fervour, before Dante finished his Divina Commedia.

It is remarkable that we should owe the two greatest Latin lyrics to the Franciscan Order in the period of its first love. But neither Thomas da Celano—the reputed author of the Dies Iræ—

nor Giacopone wrote for fame; they sunk their personality in their theme, and thought only of the glory of Christ and the good of their fellow-men. So Thomas à Kempis did not attach his name to his inimitable "Imitation of Christ," the greatest devotional book of the Middle Ages, if not of all ages.

To return to the Mater Dolorosa. It is a description of the agony of Mary at the sight of the crucifixion, when, according to the prophecy of Simeon, a sword pierced her heart (Luke 2: 35). The opening words "Stabat Mater," which gave name to the hymn, are borrowed from the Latin version of the touching incident related by St. John (John 19: 25), when Christ, hanging on the cross, commended his earthly mother to his beloved disciple and his disciple to his mother. The secret of the charm of the poem lies in the intensity of sympathy with the agony of Mary, and in the soft sad melody of the Latin rhythm and rhyme, which cannot be transferred into any other language without losing more or less of its effect. It draws the reader irresistibly into fellowship with that mysterious suffering of the blessed Virgin Mother which was itself a reflection of the atoning suffering of the divine-human Saviour for the sins of the world. It has inspired some of the finest musical compositions of Palestrina, Pergolesi, Rossini, Haydn, and others. That of Pergolesi is annually sung in passion week in the Sistine Chapel of the Vatican, and draws thousands of eager listeners of all creeds.

The only objectionable feature of this incomparable hymn is the taint of what Protestants call Mariolatry. It addresses the human mother rather than the divine Son, and attributes to her the function of mediatrix between Christ and the believer. But we must judge it by the standard of mediæval piety, and not forget that all the honour bestowed upon Mary is meant to be only a reflection of the higher honour and worship of Christ. So, in Raphael's Madonnas, the mother is the main figure; but she shines in the borrowed light of her Divine child, who casts the luster of his celestial beauty on her face.

The Stabat Mater has been often translated, though no translation can do full justice to it. Lisco, in a special monograph, gives fifty-three German and several Dutch versions. We have no similar collection of English versions, which must be nearly as numerous. The best are by Lord Lindsay, E. Caswall, and Monsell, of England. They have been enriched by American versions of Dr. Abraham Coles (who prepared no less than seventeen versions of the Dies Iræ), Erastus Benedict (a lawyer of New York), Dr. Franklin Johnson (a Baptist minister at Cambridge, Massachusetts), and the Rev. Dr. W. S. McKenzie (a Baptist minister at

Boston). Dr. McKenzie's version is the last, and one of the very best. It appeared first in *The Beacon*, Boston, May 7, 1887. We reprint it here by permission of the translator:

STABAT MATER.

STABAT Mater dolorosa
Juxta crucem lacrymosa,
Dum pendebat filius,
Cujus animam gementem,
Contristantem et dolentem
Pertransivit gladius.

"Stood the Virgin Mother weeping
Near the cross, sad vigils keeping
O'er her Son there crucified:
Through her soul in sorrow moaning,
Racked with grief, with anguish groaning,
Pierced the sword as prophesied.

O quam tristis et afflicta
Fuit illa benedicta
Mater Unigenti,
Quae mœrebat et dolebat
Et tremebat, dum videbat
Nati pœnas inclyti.

"Ah! how doleful and dejected
Was that woman, the elected
Mother of the Holy One;
Who, with weeping and with grieving,
Stood there trembling, while perceiving
How they smote her peerless Son.

Quis est homo, qui non fleret,
Matrem Christi si videret,
In tanto supplicio?
Quis non posset contristari,
Piam matrem contemplari
Dolentem cum filio?

"Who could see without emotion
Christ's dear mother, all devotion,
Crushed beneath such misery?
Could one see her desolation,
Would he hush her lamentation
For her Son in agony?

Pro Peccatis suæ gentis
Vidit Jesum in tormentis
Et flagellis subditum;
Vidit suum dulcem natum
Morientem, desolatum,
Dum emisit spiritum.

"For His wicked nation pleading
She saw Jesus scourged, and bleeding
'Neath the smitings of the rod;
Saw her Son's meek resignation,
As He died in desolation,
Yielding up His soul to God.

Eia Mater, fons amoris,
Me sentire vim doloris
Fac, ut tecum lugeam;
Fac, ut ardeat cor meum
In amando Christum deum,
Ut sibi complaceam.

"Mother, font of love's deep yearning,
I, thy weight of woe discerning,
Partner in thy tears would be;
May my heart with ardour glowing,
And with love to Christ outflowing,
Sympathize with Him and thee.

Sancta Mater, istud agas,
Crucifixi fige plagas
Cordi meo valide;
Tui nati vulnerati,
Tam dignati pro me pati,
Pœnas mecum divide.

"Hear, pure mother, this petition—
Print the wounds of crucifixion
Deeply on my inmost heart.
With thy Son, the wounded, bleeding,
For me stooping, interceding,
Let me feel the scourge and smart.

Fac me vere tecum flere,
Crucifixo condolere,
Donec ego vixero;

"Let me join thy lamentation,
Share thy sweet commiseration,
And through life a mourner be;

Juxta crucem tecum stare,
Te libenter sociare
In planctu desidero.

Virgo virginum præclara,
Mihi jam non sis amara,
Fac me tecum plangere ;
Fac, ut portem Christi mortem,
Passionis fac consortem
Et plagas recolere.

Fac me plagas vulnerari,
Cruce hac inebriari,
Et cruore filii ;
Inflammatus et accensus,
Per te, Virgo, sim defensus
In die Judicii.

Fac me cruce custodiri,
Morte Christi præmuniri,
Confoveri gratia.
Quando corpus morietur,
Fac, ut animæ donetur
Paradisi gloria.

Union Theological Seminary.

Near the cross with thee abiding,
I would stand, with thee dividing
All the woes afflicting thee.

"Virgin, virgins all excelling,
Make my heart, like thine, love's dwelling;
Let thy tortures rend my soul;
Let me share Christ's crucifying,
Let me feel His pangs of dying,
Let His sorrows o'er me roll.

"May I suffer all His bruising;
Quaff the crimson liquid oozing
From the wounds of that dear Son.
Rapt with fervour and affection,
Grant me, Virgin, thy protection
When the Judgment is begun.

"Let me by the cross be guarded;
By Christ's death from dangers warded:
By His grace through life supplied.
Death the ties of earth may sever;
I shall live in Christ forever,
One of Eden's glorified."

—*Sunday School Times.*

THE SOUL'S EASTER.

BY REV. ISAAC O. RANKIN.

This is the day when Christ the Saviour rose.
Early this morning came the angel down.
The mighty earthquake rocks the guilty town,
The stone is rolled away, the morning grows
Bright with His coming. His the victor's crown.
Whoever liveth, endless love bestows.

Liest thou as dead, my soul, enthralled by sin?
Has hope departed? and is courage fled?
He bids thee rise! Thy Saviour is not dead.
Since He endured, thy wandering heart to win,—
The guiltless in the guilty sinner's stead,—
Take thou His gift of love unmerited.
His life endures. He bids thee enter in.
This be thine Easter; here thy hopes begin.

RECREATIONS IN ASTRONOMY.

BY BISHOP WARREN, D.D., LL.D.

CELESTIAL MEASUREMENTS.

We know that astronomy has what are called practical uses. If a ship has been driven by Euroclydon for fourteen dismal days and nights without sun or star appearing, a moment's glance into the clear sky from the heaving deck, by a very slightly educated sailor, would tell him within one hundred rods where he was, and determine the distance and way to the nearest port. We know that, in all final and exact surveying, positions must be fixed by the stars. Earth's landmarks are uncertain and easily removed; those which we get from the heavens are stable and exact.

In 1878 the United States steam-ship *Enterprise* was sent to survey the Amazon. Every night a "star party" went ashore to fix the exact latitude and longitude by observations of the stars. Our real landmarks are not the pillars we rear, but the stars millions of miles away. All our standards of time are taken from the stars; every railway train runs by their time to avoid collision; by them all factories start and stop. Indeed, we are ruled by the stars even more than the old astrologers imagined.

Man's finest mechanism, highest thought, and broadest exercise of the creative faculty have been inspired by astronomy. No other instruments approximate in delicacy those which explore the heavens; no other system of thought can draw such vast and certain conclusions from its premises. "Too low they build who build beneath the stars;" we should lay our foundations in the skies, and then build upward.

We have been placed on the outside of this earth, instead of the inside, in order that we may look abroad. We are carried about, through unappreciable distance, at the inconceivable velocity of one thousand miles a minute, to give us different points of vision. The earth, on its softly-spinning axle, never jars enough to unnest a bird or wake a child; hence the foundations of our observatories are firm, and our measurements exact. Whoever studies astronomy, under proper guidance and in the right spirit, grows in thought and feeling, and becomes more appreciative of the Creator.

Imagine yourself inside a perfect sphere one hundred feet in diameter, with the interior surface above, around, and below studded with fixed bright points like stars. The familiar constellations of night might be blazoned there in due proportion.

If this star-sprent sphere were made to revolve once in twenty-four hours, all the stars would successively pass in review. How easily we could measure distances between stars, from a certain fixed meridian, or the equator! It is as easy to take all these measurements when our earthly observatory is steadily revolved within the sphere of circumambient stars. Stars can be mapped as readily as the streets of a great city. Looking down on it in the night, one could trace the lines of lighted streets, and judge something of its extent and regularity. But the few lamps of evening would suggest little of the greatness of the public buildings, the magnificent enterprise and commerce of its citizens, or the intelligence of its scholars. Looking up to the lamps of the celestial city, one can judge something of its extent and regularity; but they suggest little of the magnificence of the many mansions.

A perfect accuracy of measurement must be sought; for a mistake of the breadth of a hair, seen at the distance of one hundred and twenty-five feet, would cause an error of 3,000,000 miles at the distance of the sun, and immensely more at the distance of the stars. The correction of an inaccuracy of no greater magnitude than that has reduced our estimate of the distance of our sun 3,000,000 miles.

Three attempts were made—in 1867, 1870, and 1872—to fix the exact time-distance between Greenwich and Washington. These three separate efforts do not differ one-tenth of a second. Such demonstrable results on earth greatly increase our confidence in similar measurements in the skies.

When division-lines, on measures of great nicety, get too fine to be read by the eye, we use the microscope. By its means we are able to count 112,000 lines ruled on a glass plate within an inch. The smallest object that can be seen by a keen eye makes an angle of 40″, but by putting six microscopes on the scale of the telescope on the mural circle, we are able to reach an exactness of 0″.1, or $\frac{1}{8000}$ of an inch. This instrument is used to measure the declination of stars, or angular distance north or south of the equator. Thus a star's place in two directions is exactly fixed. When the telescope is mounted on two pillars instead of the face of a wall, it is called a transit instrument. This is used to determine the time of transit of a star over the meridian, and if the transit instrument is provided with a graduated circle it can also be used for the same purposes as the mural circle. Man's capacity to measure exactly is indicated in his ascertainment of the length of waves of light. It is easy to measure the three hundred feet distance between the crests of storm-waves in the

wide Atlantic; easy to measure the different wave-lengths of the different tones of musical sounds. So men measure the lengths of the undulations of light. The shortest is of the violet light. 154.84 ten-millionths of an inch. By the horizontal pendulum Professor Root has made $\frac{1}{3600000}$ of an inch apparent.

But man is not reliable enough to observe and record with sufficient accuracy. Some, in their excitement, anticipate its positive passage, and some cannot get their slow mental machinery in motion till after it has made the transit. Moreover men fall into a habit of estimating some numbers of tenths of a second oftener than others. It will be found that a given observer will say three tenths or seven tenths oftener than four or eight. He is falling into ruts, and not trustworthy. General O. M. Mitchel, who had been director of the Cincinnati Observatory, once told one of his staff-officers that he was late at an appointment. "Only a few minutes," said the officer, apologetically. "Sir," said the general, "where I have been accustomed to work, hundredths of a second are too important to be neglected." And it is to the rare genius of this astronomer, and to others, that we owe the mechanical accuracy that we now attain. The clock is made to mark its seconds on paper wrapped around a revolving cylinder. Under the observer's fingers is an electric key. This he can touch at the instant of the transit of the star over each wire, and thus put his observation on the same line between the seconds dotted by the clock. Of course these distances can be measured to minute fractional parts of a second.

But it has been found that it takes an appreciable time for every observer to get a thing into his head and out of his finger-ends, and it takes some observers longer than others. A dozen men, seeing an electric spark, are liable to bring down their recording marks in a dozen different places on the revolving paper. Hence the time that it takes for each man to get a thing into his head and out of his fingers is ascertained. This time is called his personal equation, and is subtracted from all of his observations in order to get at the true time; so willing are men to be exact about material matters. Can it be thought that moral and spiritual matters have no precision? Thus distances east or west from any given star or meridian are secured; those north and south from the equator or the zenith are as easily fixed, and thus we make such accurate maps of the heavens that any movements in the far off stars—so far that it may take centuries to render the swiftest movements appreciable—may at length be recognized and accounted for.

Imagine a base line ten inches long. At each end erect a

perpendicular line. If they are carried to infinity they will never meet: will be forever ten inches apart. But at the distance of a foot from the base line incline one line toward the other $\frac{63}{100000}$ of an inch, and the lines will come together at a distance of three hundred miles. That new angle differs from the former right angle almost infinitesimally, but it may be measured. Its value is about three-tenths of a second. If we lengthen the base line from ten inches to all the miles we can command, of course the point of meeting will be proportionally more distant. The angle made by the lines where they come together will be obviously the same as the angle of divergence from a right angle at this end. That angle is called the parallax of any body, and is the angle that would be made by two lines coming from that body to the two ends of any conventional base, as the semi-diameter of the earth.

It is not necessary for two observers to actually station themselves at two distant parts of the earth in order to determine a parallax. If an observer could go from one end of the base-line to the other, he could determine both angles. Every observer is actually carried along through space by two motions: one is that of the earth's revolution of one thousand miles an hour around the axis; and the other is the movement of the earth around the sun of one thousand miles in a minute. Hence we can have the diameter not only of the earth (eight thousand miles) for a base-line, but the diameter of the earth's orbit (185,000,000 miles), or any part of it, for such a base. Two observers at the ends of the earth's diameter, looking at a star at the same instant, would find that it made the same angle at both ends; it has no parallax on so short a base. We must seek a longer one. Observe a certain star on the 21st of March; then let us traverse the realms of space for six months, at one thousand miles a minute. We come round in our orbit to a point opposite where we were six months ago, with 185,000,000 of miles between the points. Now, with this for a base-line, measure the angles of the same stars: it is the same angle. Sitting in my study here, I glance out of the window and discern separate bricks, in houses five hundred feet away, with my unaided eye; they subtend a discernible angle. But one thousand feet away I cannot distinguish individual bricks; their width, being only two inches, does not subtend an angle apprehensible to my vision. So at these distant stars the earth's enormous orbit, if lying like a blazing ring in space, with the world set on its edge like a pearl, and the sun blazing like a diamond in the centre, would all shrink to a mere point. Not quite to a point from the nearest stars, or we should never be able

to measure the distance of any of them. Professor Airy says that our orbit, seen from the nearest star, would be the same as a circle six-tenths of an inch in diameter seen at the distance of a mile: it would all be hidden by a thread one-twenty-fifth of an inch in diameter, held six hundred and fifty feet from the eye. Numerous vain attempts had been made, up to the year 1835, to detect and measure the angle of parallax by which we could rescue some one or more of the stars from the inconceivable depths of space, and ascertain their distance from us. We are ever impelled to triumph over what is declared to be unconquerable. There are peaks in the Alps no man has ever climbed. They are assaulted every year by men zealous of more worlds to conquer. So these greater heights of the heavens have been assaulted, till some ambitious spirits have outsoared even imagination by the certainties of mathematics.

It is obvious that if one star were three times as far from us as another, the nearer one would seem to be displaced by our movement in our orbit three times as much as the other; so, by comparing one star with another, we reach a ground of judgment. Approximate measurements have been made on Sirius, Capella, the Pole Star, etc., about eighteen in all. The distances are immense: only the swiftest agents can traverse them. If our earth were suddenly to dissolve its allegiance to the king of day, and attempt a flight to the North Star, and should maintain its flight of one thousand miles a minute, it would fly away toward Polaris for thousands upon thousands of years, till a million years had passed away, before it reached that northern dome of the distant sky, and gave its new allegiance to another sun. The sun it had left behind would gradually diminish till it was small as Arcturus, then small as could be discerned by the naked eye, until at last it would finally fade out in utter darkness long before the new sun was reached. Light can traverse the distance around our earth eight times in one second. It comes in eight minutes from the sun, but it takes three and a quarter years to come from Alpha Centauri, seven and a quarter years from 61 Cygni, and forty-five years from the Polar Star.

Sometimes it happens that men steer along a lee shore, dependent for direction on Polaris, that light-house in the sky. Sometimes it has happened that men have traversed great swamps by night when that star was the light-house of freedom. In either case the exigency of life and liberty was provided for forty-five years before by a Providence that is divine.

We do not attempt to name in miles these enormous distances; we must seek another yard-stick. Our astronomical unit and

standard of measurement is the distance of the earth from the sun—92,500,000 miles. This is the golden reed with which we measure the celestial city. Thus, by laying down our astronomical unit 226,000 times, we measure to Alpha Centauri, more than twenty millions of millions of miles. Doubtless other suns are as far from Alpha Centauri and each other as that is from ours.

Stars are not near or far according to their brightness. 61 Cygni is a telescopic star, while Syrius, the brightest star in the heavens, is twice as far away from us. One star differs from another star in intrinsic glory.

The highest testimony to the accuracy of these celestial observations are found in the perfect predictions of eclipses, transits of planets over the sun, occulation of stars by the moon, and those statements of the Nautical Almanac that enable the sailor to know exactly where he is on the pathless ocean by the telling of the stars: "On the trackless ocean this book is the mariner's trusted friend and counseller; daily and nightly its revelations bring safety to ships in all parts of the world. It is something more than a mere book; it is an ever present manifestation of the order and harmony of the universe."

Another example of this wonderful accuracy is found in tracing the asteroids. Within 200,000,000 or 300,000,000 miles from the sun, the two hundred and fifty (September, 1885,) minute bodies that have been already discovered move in paths very nearly the same—indeed two of them traverse the same orbit, being one hundred and eighty degrees apart;—they look alike, yet the eye of man in a few observations so determines the curve of each orbit, that one is never mistaken for another. But astronomy has higher uses than fixing time, establishing landmarks, and guiding the sailor. It greatly quickens and enlarges thought, excites a desire to know, leads to the utmost exactness, and ministers to adoration and love of the Maker of the innumerable suns.

CHRIST ARISEN.

THERE stole three women alone,
Through the dawn so long ago;
By the rock-hewn grave to moan
For the Master, cold and low.
But behold! the earth was riven;
The stone from the door was driven,
And an angel sat on the stone
In raiment white as snow.

"Fear not," the angel cried,
Joy thrilling his silver voice;
"The Lord who was crucified
Ye seek with spices choice.
But broken is death's dark prison.
Rejoice! for Christ is risen.
Tell the tidings far and wide,
Till a ransomed world rejoice."

—*Katherine Lee Bates.*

A WOMAN'S FIGHT WITH THE MONSTER.

BY JULIA M'NAIR WRIGHT.

CHAPTER VII.—ONE MORE RETREAT.

"Now while our land to ruin's brink is verging,
In God's name let us speak while there is time;
Now while the padlocks for our lips are forging,
Silence is crime."

By this time Mr. Crow had become pretty thoroughly disgusted with Henry Walden, but had even more than his first sympathy with Hannah. In Wyoming Territory, not far from Laramie, Mr. Crow had a brother-in-law, a farmer, named Slocum. Mr. Slocum lived in a very small village, and had besides a great farm, two or three little farms which he rented or let out on shares to new emigrants. Mr. Slocum had written to Mr. Crow of his wish to find some well educated young girl, as a teacher for his children. Mr. Crow proposed that Henry Walden should rent one of Mr. Slocum's small farms, with its log-house, and that with Mike's aid he should till it. While Hannah was daily governess for Mr. Slocum's family, Mandy kept house, and Hillary did whatever needlework she could find to do. Said Mr. Crow to Hannah, "At Bethel Fork there is no grog-shop—in fact, there is almost no village. I don't believe civilization with its great uncivilizer, the bar-room, will ever reach there. You will be able to make a living, and I hope if your father works out of doors on a farm all day, he will be so tired by night that sleep will be the only restorative that he craves. He is not likely to run off ten miles for liquor. In the country you can watch him."

Hannah was eager to get away from Omaha. She feared the companions and haunts which her father had found there, and her terror was now extreme lest he should be guilty of robbing some one who would prosecute him for the offence.

When the plan of removing to Bethel Fork was mentioned to Walden, he, as usual, with new plans, greeted it cordially. In truth, he was very sorry and ashamed, and it put him to pain to meet Mr. Crow. He was also in genuine terror of himself, lest he should, by some outbreak, fix himself in the State's prison. In Omaha he was no longer master of himself. "I have no doubt," he said effusively, "that God, my dear daughters, knew what was the best, least-tempted, and most innocent state for man, when He made him a tiller of the ground. How often, as I have bent over my desk in hot days, or days when balmy air and lovely skies called to out-of-door life, or days when within doors was all dark, but out of doors made soft and mysterious by mist—how often, I say, have visions of Arcadian scenes, of clover-fields all in bloom, of golden acres of wheat, of gardens full of all that is

pleasant to the eye, or good for food, risen before me, and I have longed to share the prudent labours of the honest rustic! I have no longer ambitions to be rich or great, only a desire to be safe and upright. You shall see me, at last, in my true sphere, an honourable farmer."

Hannah had come to hear these outpourings with a sigh. They no longer expressed to her her father's feelings, only the easy unreeling of a thread of talk. Even gentle Hillary, who had once hung with enthusiastic admiration on the speech of this self-deceiver, had now learned that, so long as he talked, there was nothing but talk to be expected of him.

Hannah explained the contemplated removal to Mike and Mandy: "I am obliged to take my father where he cannot get strong drink."

"Faix, and why don't yees get him to soign the plidge same as yees did me?" demanded Mike.

"I have—but—he can't keep it."

"For sure not, if he goes along his lone. But why don't he kape the Lord Jesus juist forninst him like, and if he goes then behind Him, softly, softly loike, then he has a guide that won't go into ill places and he is quite safe in His shadow."

"That is true, Mike; but Jesus must be so believed in, and followed, and laid hold of for help; and that is something my poor father does not do. As I believe you are safe to drink no more, I think you might stay in Omaha, and here you will get better wages, and get on in the world faster than by going with us."

"Is it lave yees to go Wist alone?" howled Mike.

"Would we get any good of ourselves," cried Mandy, "away from you, Miss? Didn't you lift us right up out of the gutter, and haven't we had a home in your house? Will we lave yees? No, Miss, we'll come, Mike and me, if we walks on our hands and knees."

Again Westward. But now the scene had changed. The crowding cities were left behind. Here were the sweeps of prairie, the belts of virgin forest, the new lands; and settling over all, as sparrows flit, and chirp, and settle for the night in the nooks of some chosen haunt, the vagrant sons of men, pilgrims of Scandinavia and the Russian uplands, of Germany and France, of Holland and Italy, the motley troops of emigrants, chattering each his own portion of Babel's fragments of speech, wearing also his own national dress, were settling themselves in their new-world homes.

The journey filled Walden with delight, he talked romance and poetry, and built airy castles over every foot of the way. Mike and Mandy were nonchalant; they had endured many of the vicissitudes of life, and seen the rough side of things; they took whatever came without expecting wonderful good luck. Perhaps Hannah might, in spite of her royal strength and courage, have been disheartened, had not Hillary said to her as they started, "Hannah, I have chosen as a text for our journey, 'To Him that

led His people through the wilderness: for His mercy endureth forever.'"

And then, the first night of the journey, when Hannah opened her "red Bible"—her mother's Bible—for comfort by the way, she found, right under her eye, this verse, "Who led thee through that great and terrible wilderness, wherein were fiery serpents, and scorpions, and drought; where there was no water; who brought thee forth water out of the rock of flint." "There's a reason in all this," said Hannah to herself; "and when the Lord went before Israel in their journeys over a desert land, He went sometimes in the light and sometimes in the shadow—now in fire, now in cloud; but it was yet the Lord—always leading, always present."

Finally the journey's end was reached, and now the home was set up in a log-cabin—a very good cabin, with five rooms and a porch. When it was furnished as well as they were able, and when a nice little red cow made Mandy happy, and in the log-stable a tough working-horse, a dozen years old, shared accommodations with the cow, and when Mike built a pig-pen and put therein "a jewel ov a pig," and when Hillary had six hens and a cock living in elegant quarters in a corner of the stable, Hannah felt as if they had found a home for life, and that Hillary should feed chickens and Mandy pet the cow, and she herself should teach little round-faced Slocums, until she and they and all the world had grown old and gray together.

It was not an unpleasant change, after all. Mr. and Mrs. Slocum were most kind; Mike and Mandy were diligent and cheerful; Henry Walden seemed for a time in a state of great pride and happiness; Hillary got knitting and sewing from the few neighbours, and Hannah taught her dozen of rollicking little tow-heads with much content. Once a month a missionary came and preached in the little log school-house. As soon as the Waldens arrived, a Sabbath-school was started.

On that most unhappy day, when Hannah had felt it her duty to antidote her father's evil example by giving the school a speech on Temperance, she had found she could talk to the young very effectively on the subject so near her heart.

When she reached Bethel Fork, she felt that here she had a fair field—ground open to her work. In her forced march over the country had she absolutely got in advance of the whiskey demon? She must occupy her opportunity. She formed a Temperance Society of all the young people in her neighbourhood, that is, within a circuit of ten miles. They had weekly meetings round at the houses, and Hannah made the greatest exertions to render these interesting. She made temperance riddles, she drew temperance pictures on the blackboard; she and Hillary copied out, composed, or wrote from memory temperance anecdotes, and speeches, and poems, to be recited at the meetings.

Mr. Slocum wrote East for pledges and badges; Mr. Crow sent temperance papers and song-books, and fifty books on temperance for a circulating library.

"Who knows," said Mrs. Slocum one day, "where this may grow. We are educating the temperance people, the voters of a few years to come. We will have here a Temperance town, then it may reach out to a Temperance county, then to a State. What a grand work it would be to create a great Temperance State, right here on the pathway between the East and the West."

They reached Bethel Fork in September—the post-office, a little store, and three or four houses, with the log school-house: this was all the appearance of habitation, and this had slowly accumulated in four or five years. But just before the Waldens arrived, the Pacific Railroad had passed but a little to the south of Bethel Fork, and to match the shining lines of rail, the telegraph wires stretched out in the thin, pure air. Population follows those double lines of progress. By spring, as the land at Bethel Fork was very good, some twenty new houses had risen, and the Waldens felt like old settlers.

One sunny evening a new family arrived at Bethel Fork. On the public road a little lot had been bought, and a shanty set up, and then came two waggons loaded, for the shanty. Surely, not so much furniture, not so very many people for that little shanty? No; out they came—kegs, barrels, jugs, casks, bottles, mugs. Bethel Fork had its whiskey saloon in full flourish. The whiskey demon had come up with Hannah in her flight.

By this time the Temperance sentiment had a pretty good holding at Bethel Fork. Most of the new comers were steady people with families. They wanted no liquors around their boys. Mr. Slocum and the leading men called on the saloon-keeper and requested him to remove his stock-in-trade, and pursue some other business. He declared that his business was both legal and useful, and stood on his right, as an American citizen, to sell all the whiskey he liked. "I'm no moonshiner," he said. "I've not a drop of whiskey that hasn't paid its taxes. Why, where'd the United States Government be for money, if it hadn't liquor tax? I say, it's very unpatriotic not to use *freely* an article that mainly supports the Government. It's our duty as citizens. Every glass of brandy we drink helps Uncle Sam."

"So is silk taxed," said Mr Slocum; "but we don't feel bound to dress our wives and girls up in it every day, and wear out as much silk as we can, for the sake of Uncle Sam. We are not bound to fire off guns all day because powder pays taxes. As for the helping of the Treasury with liquor tax, the whiskey money makes such a big hole in the Treasury going in, that it leaves place for all the other money that is in to run out; keep away both the liquor tax and the liquor expenses, the thieving, lawsuits, paupers, orphans, all the drains made on the public by drink, and we'd be thousands a day richer in cash, not to mention more citizens."

The arguments of Mr. Slocum and his friends affecting nothing, Hannah headed the women of the place, who went in a body, beseeching the man to take a less disastrous business. He was as proof to entreaty as to logic.

"All your talk won't keep me from staying here and selling here, just so long as it pays."

"Very good," said Hannah, quietly; "then we'll starve you out."

Hannah's temperance boys now made a cordon all about the saloon, but well off the saloon-keeper's premises. The girls also often took their places among the lads. The relays succeeded each other from morning until after dark, and every person who had designed entering the saloon was buttonholed, and in one way or another, by arguments, persuasions, threats of cutting acquaintance, or briberies in the shape of books, or an invitation to tea, was kept out of the den. For three weeks this work went on—the saloon man had not sold two dollars' worth. One morning a procession of two waggons moved slowly off toward Laramie, and the saloon was empty.

No more whiskey aggressions were noted until September, a year after Hannah reached Bethel. By this time other emigrants, of a worse class, had arrived, and many of these were fierce opponents of Temperance. A second effort to set up a saloon was successful.

All this time the struggle to make a living had been carried on by the Waldens under great disadvantages. Henry and Mike knew but little about farming. Henry was with his work as children with their toys; he soon wearied of anything new, and he was not thorough in it. Hannah, between whiles of her teaching, saw that her father was making mistakes, and was wasting much by neglect. Mike was puzzled alike by contradictory orders, and by orders contradictory to common sense. In vain she consulted Mr. Slocum, and explained his views to her father. Henry vowed he was never made for a farmer—it was a slavish business. He was made for an inventor. Once let him get among men, and interest himself in machines and in inventions, and he could secure patents worth thousands. He insisted on moving into Laramie. This Hannah would not do; and, mad for liquor, Walden escaped one night, riding the horse, and made his way to Laramie. That was in October. Mike and Mr. Slocum pursued him next day, and brought him home, prostrate, in Mr. Slocum's waggon. The horse he had gambled away, and its new owner had made off with it.

After this, Hannah took all that was left of her money, some four hundred dollars, and asked Mr. Slocum to keep it for her. They did not buy another horse, and lived as economically as they could; but once or twice Hannah was obliged to send her father to Mr. Slocum for small sums. Constant watching by Hannah and Mike, and Mr. Slocum's threats to the new saloon-keeper, availed to keep Walden away from that den; besides, for the early part of winter he did not want liquor.

But he grew very lonely, despondent, and miserable, and instead of attending to his work, he would wander about the country restlessly, and when he saw emigrant trains, or stray teams, he would linger by them for hours, eager to know their plans and prospects, and wishing that he too could be off on long journeys

toward some unknown great fortune, to be had among the silver mines, or the gold diggings of the wonderful West.

When spring came, Mike did the work alone. Walden was as amiable as ever; kept himself very neat, was full of fluent talk, but did no work except to make out accounts, or write letters, or some such clerical labours for his neighbours.

"Don't be despondent, my dearest girls," he would say. "Be sure I shall find the right thing for us all before long. Trust to me—I am keeping my eyes open!"

CHAPTER VIII.—TO THE SETTING SUN.

"No backward path, ah, no returning,
No second crossing that ripples flow—
Come to me now, for the west is burning—
Come ere it darkens. Ah, no! Ah, no!"

"Now, Hannah," said Henry Walden to his daughter, "we have tried our fortunes in this place long enough; here it is July, and we are not getting on at all. But I've got good news for you, my dear girls: if you will only keep up courage, and make one more move, I shall secure your fortunes. I've heard at last of something worth while."

Mandy, who was washing the supper dishes, gazed with an incredulous smile into the depths of her dish-pan. Mike looked curious. Hillary's fair face turned in a listening way from her knitting; but Hannah had grown by this time so hopeless of plans inaugurated by her father, that she scarcely glanced from her book.

"My daughter," cried Henry, "listen! this is the most admirable thing, and such a wonderful story! It is a real romance of this Western region, and the odd people among the mines."

"The mines! father!" cried Hannah.

"Certainly," said Walden, "no man has truly tried his fortunes in the West, unless he has tried mining. There were two miners some years ago—these men usually work and live in pairs—you know, my dear daughters, the Scripture says, 'Two are better than one,' and it is especially true in wild countries. These men, named Dick and Joe, were uncommonly devoted to each other, and I honour them for it. They were a pair of mates who might mutually say, 'Thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women,'—which is a very beautiful sentiment, though I can hardly understand it after what I have experienced of the love of women. These two partners worked together, and apart from other people, in the south-east corner of Idaho. They came upon what they believed to be very rich indications of precious metal, and after a few weeks it was agreed that while Dick should remain to work and hold good the claim, Joe should ride to San Francisco, with what he could carry of the ores and metal, and

find men to buy the partners out handsomely. Each had a fine horse; and Joe, well mounted and well armed, did not hesitate to take that long trip, going duly south-west. He went, and Dick waited, but as his partner did not return, he got very uneasy, lest something had befallen him; so he staked out his claim, saddled his horse, loaded his pistols, and set out after Joe. He made his way over the corner of Nevada, and through the Sierra Nevada by a pass he and Joe knew well, but just as he got into California limits his horse fell ill, and he stopped for the beast to recruit. Being a very active man, he put in his spare time prospecting, and he found he was in a region very rich in what they call 'pocket mines'; and one day along these mountain spurs he found a great boulder that was almost all gold. Think of that, Mike! a stone bigger than you could lift, almost pure gold."

"There was nothing mean or small about that Dick's finds," observed Mike with a grin.

"Well, my dear girls, Dick on his sick horse managed to examine all the neighbourhood of these rich pockets. But, unluckily, the horse died, and Dick could not get his boulder away—so he buried it, and drew out a little map or chart, as clear as he could, of the spot—and then he had buried the boulder at the foot of a rise, and on that rise was the very biggest and richest pocket he had ever seen. In fact he didn't know but it was the outcrop of a vein of pure gold. I myself believe that it was, for it is my view that much richer mines than have ever been found, must exist to be found, and were worked in early times, else I cannot account for all the gold possessed by the ancients. As I told you, there was the boulder and there was the pocket—and by a set of triangles Dick laid out, when you had the boulder you could arrive at the pocket. So leaving this buried wealth behind him, he set off for San Francisco. He got there dreadfully worn out, by hurried travel, and found that Joe had long been dead and buried, having been killed in a saloon, where he dropped in to boast a little and see any old acquaintances. This broke poor Dick's heart, and he fell ill, and died in a week—being out of his head most of the time, but trying to tell his friends of the boulder and the mine. Well, that set people quite wild; and off and on they have been hunting this six years, the directions not being plain—and some of them here got to calling the buried boulder, 'Dick's Roc's Egg.' But though some who have looked believe it all a humbug, it is evidently true: and a party that I have just met have the real directions, and are sure of finding it—and they want me to join them. They will be off in three days—that won't be too soon for us to get ready, will it, my daughter?"

"Father!" cried Hannah. "What place for Hillary and me would a mining camp be?"

"They are a very remarkable and intelligent set these. They will form a little settlement by themselves, keep out intruders, and soon all will be rich. Wherever your father goes, my dear girls, you may go, and Mandy and Mike will accompany us."

"Hooray for the big Roc's Egg!" cried Mike, quite dazzled.

"I'd go where Miss goes," said Mandy, "but we'd better bide home."

"Father, it is impossible. We have only about three hundred dollars left, to be used in an emergency."

"And this *is* the emergency," said Henry.

"It would take it all to establish ourselves at that mining place —and when we wanted to leave we could not. I believe the whole story is a fable, and that nothing will be found."

"But the entire neighbourhood is rich. A whole town has sprung up in a night, as you may say, at Touchstone, near there; and the Central Ledge Company, there, is just piling up gold. No doubt I could be book-keeper, superintendent, or something, at Touchstone, if we find the mining affair not turn out well. This party we will go with, are going to a place ten miles from Touchstone, where they are *sure* Dick hid his boulder. They mean to set up cabins, and dig out a fortune apiece. They will call the place 'Roc's Egg.' No doubt it will grow to be a city— and as we shall be the first on the ground, we shall secure land that will sell in house lots for thousands of dollars each."

"Father, don't!" cried Hannah. "I cannot hear of it. Think how we have moved on, and on, and lost about all we had. And here we do know a few people, and shall not starve. I *cannot* go further!" She sprang up and left the room.

Henry Walden thought uneasily for a little time, then sat by Hillary and began whispering to her.

"Hillary, won't you make Hannah listen to reason?"

"This hardly seems reason," said Hillary. "I think Hannah is right; please don't say any more to her about it."

"But you see, Hillary, it is too late to draw back. I saw all that was for our good, Hannah's and yours. That paltry three hundred is of no account unless it can be made to produce, and it only can in this way. I could not wait. It is a splendid chance. Others would have snapped it up if I did not. I have already engaged to go."

"Oh!" cried Hillary appalled; "but go and tell them you cannot."

"But it is too late. I felt it so needful. I was sure Hannah would agree—that—well—why, I purchased the waggon—*Schooner* they call it—odd name, Hillary—and a pair of horses—splendid bargain—the whole for two hundred. We can put in our bedding and kitchen-ware, and you girls can ride. There are several women going. You see it is done—and you must reconcile Hannah to it. Do go to her, Hillary. I rely on you as my intercessor."

"But—where did you get the money? You have not paid?"

"Yes, I have paid. You know we had money, and we have a hundred dollars left, and we shall just roll up cash out there, in no time."

"But how did Mr. Slocum give you Hannah's money?"

"My dear girl, all mine is hers, and hers mine. We are even partners. It was a case of necessity. I told Mr. Slocum that Hannah had sent me for the money!"

Poor Hillary! What a tale this was to tell Hannah. When Hannah heard, she said nothing, but her face was ghastly pale, and that pallor rested on it for days after the journey began. Women will thus go on being deceived by those whom they dearly wish to trust, and discovering the deception, until the end of the world. It is one of the unfortunate conditions of this fallen state.

Within three days, Hannah was once more a fugitive on the face of the earth. Mike and Mandy went along—Mike full of the joyous glamour cast by the story of Dick's Roc's Egg; Mandy reluctant to go, but resolute to stand by Miss Hannah. The party seemed not a particularly rough one. There were three waggons besides Walden's, each waggon having a woman and from one to three children. Some of the men were walking, some on horseback. The huge, unwieldy canvas waggons creaked heavily along in slow but steady progress. Among the company was a young man named Wellman, who had with him a cousin, a lively fellow; and Hannah soon divined that the cousin was fond of liquor, and Wellman would not let him have it. Several of the men had jugs of whiskey in the carts or on the pack-animals. But Henry Walden had assured Hannah that this was a temperance company, and no liquor would be at the new town of Roc's Egg!

One evening Hannah said to Wellman, who had several times fallen into civil conversation with her, "I see you don't let your cousin touch liquor."

"No. I promised his mother I'd keep him straight; and I will."

"Won't you be so good as to see that no one gives my father any?" said poor Hannah, flushing crimson. "When he gets whiskey he is crazy; and, you see, Hillary and I are alone but for him. Mike might take the whiskey from father if he saw him with it; but Mike can't prevent the others giving it. I think you can—you seem to have influence."

"Be easy—I'll use it," said Wellman.

"You can't tell how I hated to say it!" cried Hannah. "I like to keep things to myself, and I hate confidences with strangers."

"Never mind me," said Wellman, with a smile. "I know how aunt feels; and at home there's a dear little girl I'm going to marry as soon as I can get enough to buy a farm." (It was three years from that day that Hannah bought the farm that enabled Wellman to settle with said "little girl.")

After weary weeks, Touchstone was reached, and then the place where they were to search for Dick's Roc's Egg. An old California miner, who had known Dick, determined the place of settlement. The spot looked hopeless to Hannah. People had been there before and gone away, and two or three cabins were standing. Somehow, through Wellman and the old miner, Walden got the best cabin, with two rooms below and a loft, divided into two rooms, above. The cabin was soon skilfully fixed up by Walden and Mike. They also made a little furniture, as "bunks" for beds, a rude table, and two or three stools and chairs.

Walden sold the waggon and pretty-well-tired-out horses in Touchstone, and gave all the money to Hannah. Taught by

experience, she now kept it on her person. Walden and Mike were in a frenzy of mining, and at first every one was jubilant, for a number of small pockets were found. This brought other emigrants, among them a man named Doon, who came with his "boy" from Touchstone, and set up a saloon, with plenty of poison called whiskey. At Doon's coming, Hannah, pursued by the whiskey fiend to the ends of the earth, felt ready to die of despair. She warned Mike, and Mike for some time brought Walden home safe. But one night Mike came alone.

"Ill luck to us, Miss! and bad 'cess to all grog-shops! The master's in Doon's, sure enough. I held him at the door till some of the other byes wrinched him from me, and I darn't go in meself, and on I came. Oh, wurra the day of Doon!"

"Where is Mr. Wellman?" cried Hannah.

"Troth, over to Touchstone, sellin' some dust, bedad."

Without a word, Hannah put on her hat, and set out to bring home her father. To enter that saloon was like going into the jaws of death.

"Father, I want you!"

"I'll be home soon, my dear," said Henry, "Go, my child."

"Not till you do, father. Come, you know you must not drink."

"He's not hurting hisself, lass. Go home," said one.

"Father! remember, you must come," whispered Hannah.

"Here, Walden, here's a good glass of brandy to stiffen up your backbone against petticoat government," cried Doon, as he set a glassful under Walden's nose. "Go home, Miss, if so be you're come to hinder and not help trade."

Hannah caught the glass from her father, and emptied it on the floor.

"Mr. Doon," she cried, "I warn you not to sell my father liquor! When he has it he is crazy, and does not know what he is doing! I forbid you to sell to him. I appeal to all men here to stop you."

"I'll sell to all who pays, Miss," said Doon, "so go home."

"And will no one help me?" cried Hannah, "will no one keep this man from destroying my father? If he drinks, and then does evil things, you will all find fault with what he does. Why not begin by hindering his drinking? Mr. Doon, you shall not sell to him. Come home, father! Someone speak for me, and warn this man!"

"That will I!" cried a full, hearty voice, and a tall strong young man, with the look of a gentleman, pushed his way to Hannah's side. "Doon! if you sell this person liquor I'll get you into a blessed lot of trouble. You and I had a little affair or two to settle when you left Touchstone. Look out."

"Oh, surely, Mr. Earl. I'll not anger a friend like you."

"A friend! I'm no friend, Doon. I'm your enemy. But how strong enmity, depends on what you do. No sales to this person. I warn you. Miss, the path is open, take him out."

In fact, every one made respectful way; and, taking Walden by the elbow, the stranger escorted him and Hannah to the open air.

"Jerome Earl, Superintendent of the Central Ledge Company, Touchstone," he said, lifting his hat, as he bowed good-bye.

Hannah saw this Mr. Earl several times soon after. He came up to look at the pockets and prospects, got acquainted with Walden and Mike, and Walden—always a gentleman when he was himself—brought the superintendent home to tea or to dinner. A frank, keen, well-educated son of the West, with that large outlook on life that the young men of those broad, uncrowded regions have, Jerome Earl had found in Hannah the first educated, high-minded girl he had met in years. He rejoiced in her company, and one day in late October brought his widowed mother over from Touchstone to visit at Mr Walden's, and see how the two girls, with almost no means, had yet managed to make a tidy, attractive home in the wilds.

Jerome and Hannah were thrown into yet closer contact that winter. A violent illness broke out at Touchstone. Doon's boy was first taken. An odd genius, Doon's boy—bluff, honest, silent. Hannah heard he was sick, and went to find him lying in a shed, on some musty hay, quite uncared for.

"Mr. Doon, your son must have a bed and care, or he will die."

"I've no time to worry with *him*," said Doon. "He is no good to me, anyhow—he is an obstinate chuckle-head."

"What, you cruel father! Will you let your boy die?"

"I ain't cruel. I never laid hand on him. Promised his mother I wouldn't. She vowed she'd haunt me if I did; and Sary Ann was a woman to be up to hauntin', or any other trick. But he sets hisself agin me, sassy shaver!"

Hannah had a little tent set up at her door, made a bed in it, had Mike give Doon's boy a daily bath, and herself, doctored and fed him, read to him, and told him stories, and finally brought him through. When this juvenile was convalescent, he sat by the fireplace in the kitchen, watching Mandy, and learning the lessons that Hannah gave him. Mandy washed and Hillary mended all his clothes, and the lad gazed curiously at them all, as if he never would be done gazing.

"Poor spalpeen," said Mandy one day, "it's a mother yees need."

"My mother'd a' been alive if my father hadn't been a drunken whiskey-seller," said Doon's boy. "She's dead, below Touchstone, an' she ain't got no tumstun, only some sticks I set up."

"Would you know the place again?" asked Hannah.

"Wouldn't I?" said Doon's boy defiantly.

"Then, my lad, make up your mind to get into honest business, and get on in the world, and some day you can have a fine tombstone set up over your mother."

"A monniment! A real out and outer!" cried Doon's boy. "*I will.*"

"But after all, you can be the best monument to her memory. You can be such a boy, and such a man, that people will remember your mother, and respect her, and say she must have been a good woman. Think of that. I'll give you a Testament and teach you to read it, and do you say a prayer night and morning."

When Doon's boy got well, he walked off to his father one day without a word of thanks, yet Hannah did not think him ungrateful.

The sickness did not end with Doon's boy. It spread, and as usual the drinking men got the worst of it. It has been noticed in epidemics, as especially the yellow fever, that a large per cent. of the cases are among those who use strong drink, and they are the ones with whom it is likely to prove fatal. I remember, that when several hundred men were building the railroad between Lewiston and Niagara Falls, cholera broke out. Fifty new men arrived, and were all men who used alcohol. My father offered to put these men at Suspension Bridge, in a place free as yet, and warned them that if they used strong drink, an attack of cholera would most likely be fatal, as their stomachs would be armed against the remedies employed. These men insisted on frequent daily drinks as a *preventative*. Within three weeks forty-nine out of the fifty had died, the mortality in that particular gang of men being the highest recorded.

Similarly in this sickness, a sort of fever, that broke out at Roc's Egg, the hardest drinkers were first attacked. Several men died, others were very ill. Hannah went from house to house, and from tent to tent, followed by Mike and Mandy. They waited on the sick, cooked for them, nursed them. Some of the women were attacked, and Hannah nursed them night and day. Henry Walden took a deal of credit to himself for what "his family" were doing. He never did anything himself, beyond walking with his daughter to some house, and carrying to the door a pail of broth or gruel. He said he was very nervous, sensitive, and sympathetic, and could not look upon the miseries of the sick. But he largely talked of what "we" were doing for the invalids. But there was one vigorous friend in need at Roc's Egg—Jerome Earl, Superintendent of the Central Ledge Company, at Touchstone. He brought coffins for the dead, buried them, and read a service above them. He waited on the sick, and sat up nights with them, and brought over beef-tea, and sago, and rice from Touchstone, and gave money to the destitute families. Wellman and his cousin were exempt from disease, and they aided Earl and Hannah. Doon and a rascal named Dyke were the worst cases of those that recovered, and as the sickness increased, Jerome Earl set off on his famous horse Araby, and rode forty miles to a physician, to describe symptoms, and get advice and medicine, and got back within thirty-six hours, and by their exertions the pestilence was stayed.

Earl saw a deal of Hannah at that time. When he had sat up all night with some sick man, he would come over in the morning and get a neat, hot breakfast of Hillary's cooking, and evenings when the rounds were done, and he about to return to his mother, he would walk with Hannah as far as her house, which lay apart from the rest, and often conversation would grow so interesting that he would linger a whole hour, chatting in the sunset, or in the moonlight. Hannah hardly realized what a difference this friendship was making in her dreary life, or how she had come to rely upon Jerome Earl.

TO MINISTERS WITH FEW BOOKS.*

BY REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

WHAT are those ministers to do who have a slender apparatus? By a slender apparatus I mean that they have few books, and little or no means wherewith to purchase more. This is a state of things which ought not to exist in any case; the churches ought to take care that it should be rendered impossible. Up to the highest measure of their ability they should furnish their minister, not only with the food which is needful to sustain the life of his body, but with mental nutriment, so that his soul may not be starved. A good library should be looked upon as an indispensable part of church furniture; and the deacons whose business it is "to serve tables," will be wise if, without neglecting the table of the Lord, or of the poor, and without diminishing the supplies of the minister's dinner-table, they give an eye to his study-table, and keep it supplied with new works and standard books in fair abundance. It would be money well laid out, and would be productive far beyond expectation. Instead of waxing eloquent upon the declining power of the pulpit, leading men in the church should use the legitimate means for improving its power, by supplying the preacher with food for thought. Put the whip into the manger is my advice to all grumblers.

Some years ago I tried to induce our churches to have ministers' libraries as a matter of course, and some few thoughtful people saw the value of the suggestion, and commenced carrying it out. With much pleasure I have seen here and there the shelves provided, and a few volumes placed upon them. I earnestly wish that such a beginning had been made everywhere; but, alas! I fear that a long succession of starveling ministers will alone arouse the miserly to the conviction that parsimony with a minister is false economy. Those churches which cannot afford a liberal stipend should make some amends by founding a library as a permanent part of their establishment; and, by making additions to it from year to year, it would soon become very valuable. My venerable grandfather's manse had in it a collection of very valuable ancient Puritanic volumes, which had descended from minister to minister: well do I remember certain ponderous tomes, whose chief interest to me lay in their curious initial letters, adorned with pelicans, griffins, little boys at play, or patriarchs at work. It may be objected that the books would be lost through change of users, but I would run the risk of that; and trustees, with a little care over the catalogue, could keep the libraries as securely as they keep the pews and pulpit.

If this scheme be not adopted, let another and simpler one be tried; let all the subscribers towards the preachers' support add ten per cent. or more to their subscriptions, expressly to provide food for the minister's brain. They would get back what they gave in the improved sermons they would hear. If some little annual income could be secured to poor ministers, to be sacredly spent in books, it would be a God-send to them, and an incal-

*These counsels, by the greatest preacher of modern times, will be read with interest and profit by both lay and clerical readers.—ED.

culable blessing to the community. Sensible persons do no expect a garden to yield them herbs from year to year unless they enrich the soil; they do not expect a locomotive to work without fuel, or even an ox or an ass to labour without food; let them, therefore, give over expecting to receive instructive sermons from men who are shut out of the storehouse of knowledge by their inability to purchase books.

But the subject is, what are men to do who have no stores, who have no church library, and no allowance made them to provide books? Let us remark at once that, if these men succeed, greater honour is due to them than to those who have large appliances.

Quintin Matsys is said to have had all his tools except his hammer and file taken from him by his fellow-workmen, and to have produced his famous well-cover without them; so much the more honour to him! Great credit is due to those workers for God who have done great things without helpful tools. Their labour would have been greatly lightened if they had possessed them; but what they have done is the more wonderful. Work away, then, poor brother, for you may yet succeed in doing great things in your ministry, and your welcome of "Well done, good and faithful servant," will be all the more emphatic because you laboured under serious difficulties.

If a man can purchase but very few books, my first advice to him would be, *let him purchase the very best.* If he cannot spend much, let him spend well. The best will always be the cheapest. Leave mere dilutions and attenuations to those who can afford such luxuries. Do not buy milk and water, but get condensed milk, and put what water you like to it yourself. This age is full of word-spinners—professional book-makers, who hammer a grain of matter so thin that it will cover a five-acre sheet of paper; these men have their uses, as gold-beaters have, but they are of no use to you. Farmers on our coast used to cart waggon-loads of sea-weed and put them upon their land; the heaviest part was the water: now they dry the weeds, and save a world of labour and expense. Don't buy thin soup; purchase the essence of meat. Get much in little. Prefer books which abound in what James Hamilton used to call "Bibline," or the essence of books. You require accurate, condensed, reliable, standard books, and should make sure that you get them. Those who have unlimited stores at their command, yet find a few standard books sufficient. This is clear evidence that some most eminent preachers have found that they could do better with few books than with many when studying the Scriptures, and this, I take it, is our main business.

Forego, then, without regret, the many books which, like poor Hodge's razors, of famous memory, "are made to sell," and do sell those who buy them, as well as themselves. I venture to say that no better investment can be made by any minister than the securing of that peerless exposition, Matthew Henry's Commentary. Get it, if you sell your coat to buy it.

The next rule I shall lay down is, *master those books you have.* Read them thoroughly. Bathe in them until they saturate you. Read and re-read them, masticate and digest them. Let them go into your very self. Peruse a good book several times, and make notes and analyses of it. A student will find that his mental constitution is more affected by one book thoroughly mastered than by twenty books which he has merely skimmed,

lapping at them, as the classic proverb puts it, "As the dogs drink of Nilus." Little learning and much pride come of hasty reading. Books may be piled on the brain till it cannot work. Some men are disabled from thinking by their putting meditation away for the sake of much reading. They gorge themselves with book-matter, and become mentally dyspeptic.

But if you feel you must have more books, *I recommend to you a little judicious borrowing.* You will most likely have some friends who have books, and who will be kind enough to let you use them for a time; and I specially advise you, in order to borrow again, to return whatsoever is lent, promptly, and in good condition. I hope there is not so much need that I should say much about returning books. Sir Walter Scott used to say that his friends might be very indifferent accountants, but he was sure they were good "book-keepers." Judicious borrowing may furnish you with much reading, but remember the man's axe-head in the Scriptures, and be careful of what you borrow. "The wicked borroweth and payeth not again."

In case the famine of books should be sore in the land, *there is one book which you all have, and that is your Bible;* and a minister with his Bible is like David with his sling and stone, fully equipped for the fray. No man may say that he has no well to draw from while the Scriptures are within reach. In the Bible we have a perfect library, and he who studies it thoroughly will be a better scholar than if he had devoured the Alexandrian Library entire. To understand the Bible should be our ambition; we should be familiar with it, as familiar as the housewife with her needle, the merchant with his ledger, the mariner with his ship. We ought to know its general run, the contents of each book, the details of its histories, its doctrines, its precepts, and everything about it. Erasmus, speaking of Jerome, asks, "Who but he ever learned by heart the whole Scripture? or imbibed, or meditated on it as he did?"

A man who has learned not merely the letter of the Bible, but its inner spirit, will be no mean man, whatever deficiencies he may labour under. A man who has his Bible at his fingers' ends and in his heart's core is a champion in our Israel; you cannot compete with him: you may have an armoury of weapons, but his scriptural knowledge will overcome you; for it is a sword like that of Goliath, of which David said, "There is none like it." The gracious William Romaine, I believe, in the latter part of his life, put away all his books and read nothing at all but his Bible. He was a scholarly man, yet he was monopolized by the one Book, and was made mighty by it. If we are driven to do the same by necessity, let us recollect that some have done it by choice, and let us not bemoan our lot, for the Scriptures will be sweeter than honey to our taste, and will make us "wiser than the ancients." We shall never be short of holy matter if we are continually studying the inspired volume; nay, it is not only matter that we shall find there, but illustration too; for the Bible is its own best illustrator. If you want anecdote, simile, allegory, or parable, turn to the sacred page. Scriptural truth never looks more lovely than when she is adorned with jewels from her own treasury. I think it was Ambrose who used to say, "I adore the infinity of Scripture." I hear that same voice which sounded in the ears of Augustine, concerning the Book of God, "*Tolle, lege,*"—"Take, read." It may be you will dwell in retirement in

some village, where you will find no one to converse with who is above your own level, and where you will meet with very few books worth your reading; then read and meditate in the law of the Lord both day and night, and you shall be "as a tree planted by the rivers of water." Make the Bible the man of your right hand, the companion of every hour, and you will have little reason to lament your slender equipment in inferior things.

I would earnestly impress upon you the truth, that a man who is short of apparatus can *make up for it by much thought.* Thinking is better than possessing books. Thinking is an exercise of the soul which both develops its powers and educates them. A little girl was once asked whether she knew what her soul was, and, to the surprise of all, she said, "Sir, my soul is my think." If this be correct, some persons have very little soul. Without thinking, reading cannot benefit the mind, but it may delude the man into the idea that he is growing wise. Books are a sort of idol to some men. As the image with the Roman Catholic is intended to make him think of Christ, and in effect keeps him from Christ, so books are intended to make men think, but are often a hindrance to thought. When George Fox took a sharp knife and cut out for himself a pair of leather breeches, and, having done with the fashions of society, hid himself in a hollow tree, to think by the month together, he was growing into a man of thought before whom men of books speedily beat a retreat. What a flutter he made, not only among the Poperies, and Prelacies, and Presbyteries of his day, but also among the well-read proprieties of Dissent. He swept no end of cob-webs out of the sky, and gave the bookworms a hard time of it.

Thought is the backbone of study, and if more ministers would think, what a blessing it would be! Only, we want men who will think about the revealed truth of God, and not dreamers who evolve religions out of their own consciousness. Now-a-days we are pestered with a set of fellows who must needs stand on their heads and think with their feet. Romancing is their notion of meditation. Instead of considering revealed truth, they excogitate a mess of their own, in which error, and nonsense, and conceit appear in about equal parts; and they call this broth "modern thought." We want men who will try and think straight, and yet think deep, because they think God's thoughts.

Far be it from me to urge you to imitate the boastful thinkers of this age, who empty their meeting-houses, and then glory that they preach to the cultivated and intellectual. It is miserable cant. Earnest thought upon the things which are assuredly believed among us is quite another matter, and to that I urge you. Personally I owe much to many hours, and even days, spent alone, under an old oak-tree, by the river Medway.

Without books *a man may learn much by keeping his eyes open.* Current history, incidents which transpire under his own nose, events recorded in the newspaper, matters of common talk—he may learn from them all. The difference between eyes and no eyes is wonderful. If you have no books to try your eyes, keep them open wherever you go, and you will find something worth looking at. Can you not learn from nature? Every flower is waiting to teach you. "Consider the lilies," and learn from the roses. Not only may you go to the ant, but every living thing offers itself for your instruction. There is a voice in every gale, and a lesson in every

grain of dust it bears. Sermons glisten in the morning on every blade of grass, and homilies fly by you as the sere leaves fall from the trees. A forest is a library, a cornfield is a volume of philosophy, the rock is a history, and the river at its base a poem. Go, thou who hast thine eyes opened, and find lessons of wisdom everywhere, in heaven above, in the earth beneath, and in the waters under the earth. Books are poor things compared with these.

Moreover, however scant your libraries, *you can study yourself.* This is a mysterious volume, the major part of which you have not read. If any man thinks that he knows himself thoroughly, he deceives himself; for the most difficult book you will ever read is your own heart. I said to a doubter the other day, who seemed to be wandering in a maze, "Well, really, I cannot understand you; but I am not vexed, for I never could understand myself;" and I certainly meant what I said. Watch the twists and turns and singularities of your own mind, and the strangeness of your own experience; the depravity of your heart, and the work of divine grace; your tendency to sin, and your capacity for holiness; how akin you are to a devil, and yet how allied to God himself! Note how wisely you can act when taught of God, and how foolishly you behave when left to yourself. You will find the study of your heart to be of immense importance to you as a watcher over the souls of others. A man's own experience should be to him the laboratory in which he tests the medicines which he prescribes for others. Even your own faults and failures will instruct you if you bring them to the Lord. Absolutely sinless men would be unable to sympathise with imperfect men and women. Study the Lord's dealings with your own souls, and you will know more of His ways with others.

Read other men; they are as instructive as books. Suppose there should come up to one of our great hospitals a young student so poor that he could not purchase surgical books; it would certainly be a great detriment to him; but if he had the run of the hospital, if he saw operations performed, and watched cases from day to day, I should not wonder but what he might turn out as skilful a surgeon as his more favoured companions. His observation would show him what books alone could not; and as he stood by to see the removal of a limb, the binding up of a wound, or the tying up of an artery, he might, at any rate, pick up enough practical surgery to be of immense service to him. Now, much that a minister needs to know he must learn by actual observation. All wise pastors have walked the hospitals spiritually, and dealt with inquirers, hypocrites, backsliders, the despairing, and the presumptuous. A man who has had a sound practical experience in the things of God himself, and watched the hearts of his fellows, other things being equal, will be a far more useful man than he who knows only what he has read.

It is a great pity for a man to be a college Jack-a-dandy, who comes out of the class-room as out of a band-box, into a world he has never seen before, to deal with men he has never observed, and handle facts with which he has never come into personal contact. "Not a novice," says the apostle; and it is possible to be a novice and yet a very accomplished scholar, a classic, a mathematician, and a theoretical theologian. We should have practical familiarity with men's souls; and if we have much of it, the fewness of our books will be a light affliction. "But," says an

inquiring brother, "how can you read a man?" I have heard of a gentleman of whom it was said that you never could stop five minutes under an archway with him but what he would teach you something. That was a wise man; but he would be a wiser man still who would never stop five minutes under an archway without learning somewhat from other people. Wise men can learn as much from a fool as from a philosopher. A fool is a splendid book to read from, because every leaf is opened before you; there is a dash of the comic in the style, which entices to read on, and if you gather nothing else, you are warned not to publish your own folly.

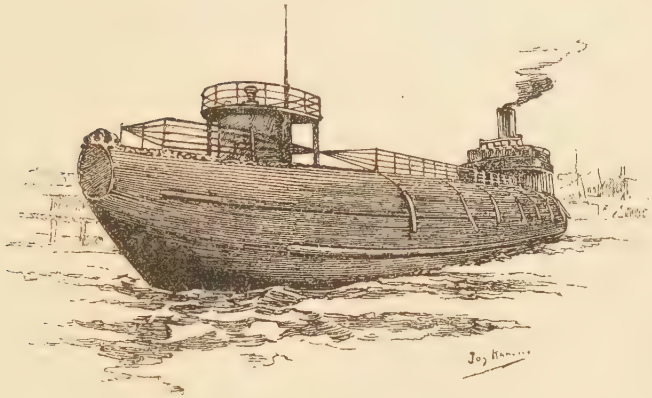
Learn from experienced saints. What deep things some of them can teach to us younger men! What instances God's poor people can narrate of the Lord's providential appearances for them; how they glory in His upholding grace and his faithfulness to His covenant! What fresh light they often shed upon the promises, revealing meanings hidden from the carnally wise, but made clear to simple hearts! Know you not that many of the promises are written with invisible ink, and must be held to the fire of affliction before the letters will show themselves? Tried spirits are grand instructors for ministers.

As for the inquirer, how much is to be gathered from him! I have seen very much of my own stupidity while in conversation with seeking souls. I have been baffled by a poor lad while trying to bring him to the Saviour; I thought I had him fast, but he has eluded me again and again with perverse ingenuity of unbelief. Sometimes inquirers who are really anxious surprise me with their singular skill in battling against hope; their arguments are endless and their difficulties countless. They put us to a *non plus* again and again. The grace of God at last enables us to bring them to the light, but not until we have seen our own inefficiency. In the strange perversities of unbelief, the singular constructions and misconstructions which the desponding put upon their feelings and upon scriptural statements, you will often find a world of instruction. I would sooner give a young man an hour with inquirers and the mentally depressed than a week in the best of our classes, so far as practical training for the pastorate is concerned.

Once more, *be much at death-beds;* they are illuminated books. There shall you read the very poetry of our religion, and learn the secrets thereof. What splendid gems are washed up by the waves of Jordan! What fair flowers grow on its banks! The everlasting fountains in the glory-land throw their spray aloft, and the dew-drops fall on this side of the narrow stream! I have heard humble men and women, in their departing hours, talk as though they were inspired, uttering strange words, aglow with supernal glory. These they learned from no lips beneath the moon; they must have heard them while sitting in the suburbs of the New Jerusalem. God whispers them in their ears amid their pain and weakness; and then they tell us a little of what the Spirit has revealed. I will part with all my books, if I may see the Lord's Elijahs mount their chariots of fire.

Rejoice! ye sons of men, rejoice! awake the choral strain!
The Saviour who was crucified has broken His death-chain,
And mounting high above the sky to realms of brighter day,
He points you to a better world, and proudly leads the way.

Current Topics and Events.



"WHALEBACK" STEAMER "WETMORE."

THE "WHALEBACK" STEAMBOAT.

Probably not since the invention of the steamboat, has so important an advance been made in ship building as has been effected by the "whaleback" boat, the alleged invention of Alexander McDougall, of Duluth, Minn. This style of vessel, it is thought, will excel the old-style freight-carrying vessel in every respect. The cost of construction and operation is incomparably less. A vessel of 3,000 tons has a draught of only seventeen feet, can be managed by a crew of twenty-two men, and can be propelled with twelve tons of coal a day, about one-twenty-fifth of the amount consumed on the *Teutonic*.

The first "whaleback" that has successfully crossed the Atlantic, and, indeed, the first vessel of any description built upon the Great Lakes, that has undertaken to reach the waters of the Pacific, is the *Wetmore*, built at West Superior, opposite Duluth. The *Wetmore* is shaped like a cigar, having both ends cut off to an equal diameter, and being flattened sufficiently on top to form a sort of deck. Above this deck, a turret forward and a cabin aft, are all that appear. Three steel turrets, together with sixteen hollow cylindrical shafts—the latter serving as ventilators for the engine and boiler rooms—support the cabin superstructure.

On June 11th, this unique steamship left Duluth and sailed to Montreal, where she took on a cargo of 90,000 bushels of wheat. She arrived at Liverpool on the 21st of July. Although successful in descending to Montreal by way of the rapids, it is impossible for the *Wetmore* to return, as the canals are much too small. In her ocean voyage, though heavy seas were encountered, so steadily did the vessel ride, that the footprints of the grain heavers, and the marks of the shovels, were distinctly visible in her cargo on arrival in England. After returning to New York, she set out for Puget Sound, by way of the Straits of Magellan.

LETTER FROM MOAB.

In the METHODIST MAGAZINE for last June we published an admirable article by the Rev. Geo. Bond, B.A., upon the Methodists of Moab, describing the heroic efforts of Mr.

Wm. Lethaby, a Wesleyan Methodist local preacher, with some knowledge of medicine, who proceeded to Kerak, in the land of Moab, with his heroic wife, to establish a Methodist mission in that desolate region. Mrs. Lethaby was, we believe, the first English woman who visited Kerak since the Crusades, if, indeed, any English woman visited it then. The Rev. Geo. Bond, Rev. W. Henderson, and others who have recently been in Palestine, urge very strongly the establishment of a Methodist Medical Mission in that land.

We have received the following letter from Mr. Lethaby, of Kerak; it throws some light on this subject. Mr. Lethaby encloses a couple of beautifully written Arabic letters from scholars of his school, signed Mohammed Nablous and Abed el Maty. But for the training furnished by this Methodist school, these children would yet be in utter ignorance:

KERAK, Sept. 28th, 1891.

Dear Sir,—Some kind friend has sent to me the June number of the CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE, and I write in few and hasty lines to thank you for its kind interest in us and the expression of it; but still more to endorse and urge the plea that Canadian Methodism shall come up to the help of the Lord against the mighty. You will be glad, moreover, to know that we are not strangers to Canada. Dr. Punshon welcomed us to Toronto just before the Metropolitan Church was opened. I wrote of it by his request to the *Methodist Recorder*. Dr. Sutherland was our class-leader. Young Mr. Massey (who possibly sent me the MAGAZ(INE) saw me in Jerusalem, and a letter from me about our work appeared in the *Christian Guardian*.

But all this makes me the more desirous that Canada shall make no error, and she would do so if she spent her money and men "*in* Palestine," as it is properly termed, where missionaries, male and female, are increasingly numerous and also increasingly hampered and almost tongue-tied with regard to nine-tenths of the people. Do you know that the Church Missionary Society has lately, with all its *prestige* and wealth, endeavoured to open a medical mission in Nablous, with an English qualified practitioner, and that the Turks have shut them up, and the doctor has to go "no whither," though the Church Missionary Society has for years had native and European workers, schools, etc., at work to mollify the people and authorities? Do you also know that the same Turks have stolen the property of the Edinburgh Medical Mission at Nazareth, after Dr. Verton had for years been healing their sick and building a hospital to care for them? No, do not put more into the mouths of these "ravening wolves," but come across to Moab, and from Kerak—altogether outside the Stamboul abomination of desolation—let Canadian Methodist young men go forth "two and two" (when they have learned the language with us) to do the work for Arabia which our Saviour sent his apostles and the seventy to do eighteen hundred and sixty years ago in Galilee. Comparatively little money, no machinery scarcely, but mountains of prayer and faith, are needed for this, and you have shown that Canada knows how to trust and how to work. I must close.

Yours hopefully,
WILLIAM LETHABY.

Address, "Care of English Consul, Jerusalem."

"A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT."

Ever and anon the public press contains accounts of judicial proceedings exposing gross scandals in the public and private life of the wealthy classes of the community. In Great Britain this attracts the more attention because the leisured and wealthy class is composed largely of the titled aristocracy. These social crimes, for such they are, are the more conspicuous by the very social elevation of their perpetrators. A chief cause, we judge, is the absence of a noble life object, and of duties of paramount moral obligation. Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do. Happy the man who finds in some engrossing employment the opportunity and the obligation of service to his fellow-men.

It is a noble thing to have a noble ancestry, to have the inspiration of heroic deeds done by one's kinsmen in the past, and the obligation to hold high and keep pure an honoured

name. The more damning is the guilt of dragging an ancient honoured name through the mire, and of shaming one's dead ancestry in their graves. No strain of so-called noble blood can condone these social crimes, least of all in this democratic age, which recognizes the rights of man as man. In Canada we have no room for titled idlers. And to our credit be it said, almost everyone in our country earns his living by the sweat of his brow or the sweat of his brain. If he do not, he is likely to fulfil the sentence of Scripture, "If a man will not work neither shall he eat."

It is far nobler to take an unknown name and lift it high and make it honourable and honoured, than to live upon the reputation of a dead and buried ancestry; to wear "the white flower of a blameless life," and thus win the truest patent of nobility.

The age of broadest democracy has come. The true gentleman is the gentle man. The poet of the most exquisite culture and loftiest title of our time sings:

> Howe'er it be, it seems to me
> 'Tis only noble to be good,
> Kind hearts are more than coronets,
> And simple faith than Norman blood.

And the homely Ayrshire ploughman voices the spirit of the age:

> The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
> The man's the gowd for a' that. . .
>
> The honest man, though e'er sae poor,
> Is king o' men for a' that. . . .
>
> Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,
> Wha struts, and stares, and a' that;
> Though hundreds worship at his word,
> He's but a coof for a' that;
> For a' that, and a' that,
> His riband, star, and a' that,
> The man of independent mind,
> He looks and laughs at a' that.

Succession Tax.

The obligation of rich men to use their riches for the welfare of the community at large is being more and more recognized and urged. Mr. Carnegie, the wealthy Pittsburgh iron king, writes strongly on this behalf, and illustrates his theory by his practice in liberally endowing public institutions and charities. Mr. Gladstone writes strongly too in this vein. Many American and British millionaires have set an example to the world. Peabody, Holloway, Pratt, Fayerweather, Cornell, Geo. I. Seney, Cooper and many others have erected monuments of their philanthropy more lasting than brass. But many rich men die and make no sign of interest in their fellowmen, and often leave their accumulated wealth to be a curse to their heirs.

Mr. J. Ross Robertson, of the Toronto *Telegram*, who has given much attention to this subject, writes as follows:

"The suggestion has been made that the Government should impose what is known as the 'Succession Tax,' so that the estates of wealthy men, who died leaving nothing whatever to the public charities of the Province, should be taxed for a small percentage for this purpose. During the past ten years a dozen men have died in Toronto, worth from one hundred thousand to three millions. Perhaps the aggregated wealth of those referred to would amount to fifteen millions of dollars. Of this large amount not more than two hundred thousand has been donated to charitable institutions. The largest bequests were those of the late Senator John Macdonald and the late William Gooderham, whose legacies to charities, in round figures, were from fifty to one hundred thousand each."

It seems to us there is an eminent propriety in such a Succession Tax. The persons who inherit vast fortunes have seldom done anything to earn them, and will have no cause to complain if a reasonable percentage of the "unearned increment" of landed estates, which have acquired their value from the growth of the population, should be appropriated for the support of hospitals and other charities for the benefit of the unfriended poor.

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, D.D.

Wesleyan Methodist.

The pastoral term is much discussed in England. Some are desirous to secure an extension. This cannot be done according to the constitution of Methodism as provided by Mr. Wesley, hence it is proposed to appeal to Parliament for Conferential authority to appoint a minister six years consecutively to the same circuit.

A missionary meeting was held at Brighton last November, when Bishop Taylor, from Africa, ordained a missionary for Vivi, Congo. The incident added greatly to the solemnity and interest of the meeting.

A new missionary magazine is to be published under the editorship of the Rev. F. W. Macdonald, one of the missionary secretaries.

An Epworth Teetotal League is being formed, by the terms of which every member is pledged to be a teetotaller, to pray daily for the spread of teetotalism, and to work according to his or her opportunity for the extension of temperance.

Methodist Episcopal Church.

The wife of Bishop Newman has been elected a member of the American Geographical Society. She has travelled along the Nile and the Euphrates, and through the Holy Land, as well as over most of Europe. She is the first woman ever elected to the Geographical Society.

The annual meeting of the Book Concern, both sections, has just been held. The sales and profits of the past year exceed all former years. Out of the profits $125,000 was set apart to the Annual Conferences for the benefit of superannuated ministers and their widows. This appropriation exceeds that of last year by $5,000.

The missionary anniversary of Mount Vernon Church, New York, was celebrated February 14. Rev. Dr. Peck, one of the missionary secretaries, was present. The total amount received during the day was $3,500, the largest amount ever received in one day.

At the Missionary Institution, Bareilly, India, 201 native missionaries, 49 teachers, and 150 trained women have been prepared for their respective duties. The managers are calling for $50,000 to put the institution into a state of greater efficiency.

There is a Bowery Mission and Young Men's Home in New York, which has just celebrated its twelfth anniversary. The building is five stories high, and consists of restaurant, audience and enquiry rooms for religious services. There are sleeping-rooms for 150 men. There is also a reading-room, office, and bath-rooms, all of which are easily accessible. It is believed that thousands have been saved at this valuable institution.

An old-fashioned revival has been in progress five weeks at Harlem Park Church. Men of all ages have been converted. More than one hundred have professed conversion.

Some want the *Christian Advocate* of New York, which has a circulation of 53,000, to be reduced in price. Some would even make the price $1.50, but Dr. Buckley says that to do so would mean $25,000 less receipts, which would be a serious blow to the superannuated ministers and their widows.

The *Western Christian Advocate* says, "we want to get back, first, the hymnal into our churches; second, Methodist singing into the pews; third, libraries into our Sunday-schools; fourth, the *Advocate* in

every house." This is a good warfare for all along the Methodist line.

The Hon. Amos Shinkle has founded a Protestant Children's Home in Covington, Kentucky, at a cost of $52,000, giving accommodation for 150 children.

Dr. Samuel Merritt, Oakland, California, has endowed an hospital in Oakland with $600,000. It will be the Samuel Merritt Hospital.

Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

Bishop Galloway has been compelled to decline the invitation of the Wesleyan Missionary Committee to preach at the approaching anniversary in England.

Bishop Keener when preaching recently, uttered words which should not be forgotten: "I saw a number of children lately, going away from church at preaching hour. This was an exceedingly painful scene. One quarter of a million of children leaving the Church at the morning hour of worship. This is a serious matter, worthy of prayerful thought. They don't go to Church that day. Nothing can compensate us for the loss of a vast body of young people from hearing the word of God. Some have Sunday-schools in the afternoon to avoid this state of affairs."

Much good was accomplished at a series of extraordinary revival services recently held in Tulip Street Church, Nashville, in which Methodist, Presbyterian, Baptist, and Cumberland Presbyterian Churches all took part.

Primitive Methodist Church.

Great regret has been felt that the number of subscribers to some of the periodicals is not equal to former years. One of the magazines will henceforth be known as the *Christian Messenger and Scriptural Holiness Magazine.*

The annual Conference has adopted a rule requiring trustees of churches and managers of Sunday-schools, at every yearly meeting to donate $5 to the Superannuation Fund.

The Primitives at Paisley, in Scotland, have held a bazaar which realized $5,100.

The Methodist Church.

The Young People's Convention, which was held in Toronto in February, was a grand success. Reports have been published in the *Guardian*, and a full account of all proceedings in *Onward*. The latter is the Epworth League organ.

Revival services have been successful this season. Rev. A. Browning has laboured successfully in Euclid Avenue and Gerrard Street Churches, Toronto, and other places. Dr. Galbraith, in Berkeley Street, received sixty new members at one service. The writer assisted at the February Quarterly meeting at Allandale, when more than thirty new members were publicly received.

Dr. Sutherland has been holding Missionary Conventions at various places. Dr. Shaw is engaged almost every Sabbath, advocating the claims of missions. Since Conference, Dr. Potts has been eastward as far as Sherbrooke, and westward to the Pacific coast, preaching educational sermons. General Superintendent Carman, and the College Agents, are almost ubiquitous on behalf of the Federation Fund, and the removal of Albert College debt. Dr. Briggs is seldom at home on Sabbaths. Dr. Dewart at present is not well, but as far as health and other duties will permit, he and the other General Conference officers are indefatigable. Dr. Withrow is visiting the Holy Land, and will return full of good things, of which our readers will hear in due time.

A new church has been dedicated at Montreal, and another at Toronto. Both bear the name of "Centenary." All churches which are erected during 1892 will be entitled to the same name, as the first church built in Ontario, then called Upper Canada, was in 1792.

Rev. J. McLean, Ph.D., from the North-West, is delivering lectures in England, on the cowboys and Indians of the Western Mission-field, and taking collections for a new church at Moosejaw.

Bible Christian Church.

St. Columb circuit, Cornwall, is enjoying a gracious revival, as the result of seven weeks' evangelistic labour. Chagnon, in Devon, is also partaking in a revival, and other circuits are being similarly favoured.

Oxford Hall, Ilfracombe, has been converted into a church at an expense of about $2,000.

Some ministers have been invited to remain a fourth year on their circuits.

The *Magazine* for January contains a well-executed photographic group of the Bible Christian delegates to the late Œcumenical Conference.

Methodist New Connexion.

Rev. Dr. Watts, editor of the *Magazine*, deplores the paucity of revival intelligence which comes to hand. He is afraid that too many meetings are held which are termed "Pleasant Sunday Afternoon Gatherings," instead of meetings to arouse the unconverted. He calls attention to the frequent omission of Sunday evening prayer-meetings. The editor also very pertinently enquires whether sermons are as powerful as formerly, and enquires whether such hymns as "Is here a soul that knows Thee not"; "Depth of mercy can there be"; "Would Jesus have the sinner die," are as much sung as in the days of our fathers. The *Magazine* for February is full of good reading, consisting of biography, religious intelligence, etc.

Items.

General Booth reports that half a million of dollars have already been expended in working out the various plans known as, "Over-sea Colony," "City Refuge," and "Home Farm Colony." Much good has been done, but more is anticipated.

The Baptist May meetings in Philadelphia, promise to be a great success.

Dr. Daniel Dorchester, in his Indian agency, puts a little religion in the execution of his political office. He has introduced the Lord's Prayer, the Ten Commandments, and the 23rd Psalm into the religious exercises of the United States Government Indian Schools.

The Carey centennial meetings, held in Toronto, were numerously attended. Essays and addresses on given topics were delivered by ministers from various parts of the Dominion.

Bishop Tucker, of Uganda, is returning to Africa with seventy missionaries—students, scholars, athletes—many of them from universities. He is raising money to build a mission steamer for Lake Nyanza.

The four Gospels have been translated into Uzbek, the language of 2,250,000 people in Central Asia, and published by the British and Foreign Bible Society.

The Death Roll.

Rev. W. Cather, one of the oldest Wesleyan ministers in Ireland, recently joined the large majority. He was one of a family who had given three of its members to the ministry. For forty-five years he did noble service for the Master in turning many to righteousness. One of his spiritual children is the Rev. Robert Boyle, of Brampton.

Dr. Leonidas Rosser, of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, died at Ashland, Va., January 8th, aged seventy-six years. For many years he was a prominent member in this Church. He excelled as circuit minister, presiding elder, pastor of city churches, and editor of the *Christian Advocate*. He was an author of considerable ability. Some of his books had an extensive circulation. As a controversialist on Baptism there were few of equal ability. His brethren delighted to honour him, hence he was a member of five General Conferences. He devoted much time to evangelistic services, in which he was very successful, both in the Northern and Southern States. Dr. Rosser was a true son of John Wesley, and was a firm believer in entire sanctification. Eminent piety is essential to eminent usefulness.

Rev. Dr. St. John Fry, editor of the *Central Christian Advocate*, died

at his post after a short illness of one week. *La grippe,* accompanied by erysipelas, terminated his earthly career. He greatly excelled as editor, though he was always ready to lend a helping hand in all the enterprises of the Church. The Church entrusted him with many important interests. Those who knew him best, pronounced him a fine ideal of the Christian gentleman. His book published on "Systematic Giving" was practised in his own life.

Rev. K. Creighton finished his course in Toronto in February last. For fifty-seven years his name was on the roll of Methodist itinerants, so that he was one of the pioneers of Methodism. He was chairman of districts for several years, and once secretary of conference, and occupied some of the most important positions in the Church. He was a man of genial spirit, and though he could be firm in the performance of duty, none could charge him with being tyrannical or overbearing. As a pastor he was greatly beloved, and was always regarded as an able expounder of the Holy Scriptures. For seven years he was greatly afflicted, having received a stroke of paralysis while preaching in one of the city churches, but he was always calm and trustful. His only surviving son, Dr. J. Creighton, is presiding elder at Milwaukee, Wis., and his only daughter, Mrs. Harvie, is a well-known philanthropic worker in various benevolent societies in Toronto.

Rev. John B. Armstrong, superannuated minister, died at Orillia early in the year. He was received on trial in 1848, and travelled until 1872, when he took a superannuated relation for four years, after which he re-entered the "active work," in which he travelled a few more years, and then was compelled to retire. For some years his life was a battle with disease, but he was always patient, even in the midst of most severe sufferings. While able to labour, he was always willing to take his full share of what was termed undesirable fields. He was methodical in his habits, and was esteemed both as an earnest preacher and diligent pastor. The latter part of his life was greatly embittered by the trials which he had to bear, but he expressed to the writer a few weeks before his death, that he had sweet communion with heaven, where, we doubt not but that he is now forever with the Lord.

Rev. W. Pirritte, D.D., is the twentieth Methodist minister who has died in the Conferences of Ontario and Quebec during the present ecclesiastical year. We do not remember that there has ever been such a large mortality in the same space of time before. For more than forty years, Dr. Pirritte occupied a prominent place in the ranks of Methodist ministers. Prior to the Union of 1874, he was connected with the Methodist Episcopal branch of Methodism, in which, after several years' service, he was appointed presiding elder, and then editor of the *Christian Advocate*, which office he held at the time of the Union. In the united church he was chairman of district, then secretary of conference, and finally president. He was a man of great geniality, though a stranger would consider him reserved, but to those who knew him there was no reserve. He was known to the writer more than thirty years, to whom he always appeared as a man of noble character. All his brethren who visited him in his last affliction, found him suffering severely, but enjoying sweet peace, and longing for home. More than twenty of his brother ministers attended his funeral. He died February 14th.

Rev. Jas. Webb, of the Congregational Church, Garafraxa, finished his course last November. He was only forty-nine years of age. His ministry was begun at North Shields, England, where he was so much beloved that a testimonial of $600 was given him when he came to Canada. He was only permitted to labour here a few years, but he gave full proof of his ministry, so that not a few survive him who will be the crown of his rejoicing.

Book Notices.

Fact and Fiction in Holy Writ; or, Book and World Wonders. By Rev. J. Hendrickson McCarty, M.D., D.D. New York: Hunt & Eaton. Toronto: William Briggs. Price $1.00.

We had the pleasure of reviewing Dr. McCarty's previous interesting volume, "Two Thousand Miles Through the Heart of Mexico." In this book he assumes a different *rôle*. The title we think a misnomer. It should be "Confirmed Fact and Alleged Fiction in Holy Writ." From a wide induction of science, history and archæology, he confirms many of the most wonderful statements of the Scriptures, and shows that the apparent discrepancies merely result from the ignorance or prejudice of would-be critics. There is an immense amount of curious information in the book. The contrast between the records of Holy Writ and those of the sacred books of heathen nations, with their absurd cosmogonies and mythologies, is very instructive. At times the Doctor barbs his attacks upon materialistic and atheistic science with the shafts of ridicule. We think this a mistake. Certain follies and foibles may be laughed out of court, but in a book of this sort even the false claims of science should be met with dignity and respectful argument.

Methodism; A Retrospect and Outlook. By Charles Wm. Pearson, M.A. Professor of English Literature in Northwestern University. New York: Hunt & Eaton. Toronto: William Briggs. Limp cloth 30c., paper 25c.

We have here a poem in rhymed iambics of nearly two thousand verses. It is extremely comprehensive in its range. It is by no means confined to Methodism. It pays a tribute to the moral heroes of the Church of Rome and of the Reformation, and especially of the great English revival under the Wesleys. A strong, concise, graphic characterization is given of the great minds of Methodism in the Old World and the New, including Methodist women; to the later movements of Chautauqua, the Epworth League, the Women's Christian Temperance Union and the Salvation Army, mission work in all the continents and islands; and a glowing anticipation of the final triumph of the Gospel in the following closing lines:

Ye gates of Zion, lift again your head,
The King of kings in glory soon shall tread;
Not then, as when He hung upon the rood
And shed for sinners His atoning blood,
Feebly amid His dreadful agony
"'Tis finished!" shall the suffering Saviour cry;
But seated upon His everlasting throne
Aloud proclaim, "Redemption's work is done!"
While heaven shall echo with triumphant song,
And the freed earth the voice of joy prolong.

St. Matthew's Witness. By Francis W. Upham, LL.D. New York: Hunt & Eaton. Toronto: William Briggs. Price $1.20.

One of the most interesting and instructive books which we ever reviewed was Dr. Upham's able treatise on "The Wise Men: Who they were and How they came to Jerusalem"—a book which commanded a tribute from some of the ablest scholars in the world. In the present volume the conspicuous ability of Dr. Upham is shown in the exegetical field. This is not a textual commentary on St. Matthew's Gospel so much as a continuous exposition, after the excellent manner of the Presbyterian pulpit, of the Gospel in large sections, showing its scope as a whole. For preachers, teachers and all Bible students it will be found very helpful to a fuller comprehension of this book.

A Winter in India and Malaysia among the Methodist Missions. By the Rev. M. V. B. Knox, Ph.D., D.D. New York: Hunt & Eaton. Toronto: William Briggs. Price $1.25.

The author of this book has been for years a careful student of the progress, life and achievements of the great nations of history. This study created an intense desire to examine for himself the remains of antiquity, and to examine the condition of the ancient races of the East. In visiting these he became absorbed in the investigation of the great problem of Christian missions and in their achievements. Bishop Hurst, whose own comprehensive work on India places him in the very forefront of all writers on that great appanage of the British Empire, pays a high tribute to the present work, and bespeaks for it a place on the pastor's table, the Sunday-school library and Christian homes everywhere. It is an admirable book for Women's Missionary Societies. We know no inexpensive book on India in which so full an account of the country and of its missionary movements is to be found as the present one.

ΚΟΛΑΣΙΣ ΑΙΩΝΙΟΣ; or, Future Retribution. By George W. King. New York: Hunt & Eaton. Toronto: William Briggs. Price $1.00,

Our author approaches this august and solemn theme with reverence, an avoidance of mere rhetorical expression, and with a clearness and definiteness of aim and treatment which cannot be too highly commended. In this age of questioning of the eternal verities of God's Word, the clear, strong, definite restatement and exposition of those essential truths is doubly necessary.

The Business of Travel; a Fifty Years' Record of Progress. By W. Fraser Rae. London: Thos. Cook & Son, pp. 318.

In the month of July last a banquet was given by the house of Thos. Cook & Son, tourist agents, in the hotel Metropole, London. The Duke of Cambridge and other titled and noble guests honoured the occasion with their presence. Mr. Gladstone and General Wolseley, unable to be present, sent their hearty greetings. The story of progress, thus celebrated, and recorded in detail in this book, is unparalleled. In 1841 the first excursion by Thos. Cook, sen., was eleven and a half miles, at a shilling a head. In 1891 their routes girdled the globe with over 30,000 routes, giving facilities for 1,823,959 miles on railway, ocean and river. During 1890 they issued over three million tickets, and had in stock at the close of the year nearly five million tickets. They have 169 offices and agencies, 1,714 salaried members, 978 other employees, a staff of 2,692. In 1890 they returned to purchasers over $200,000 for tickets which for various causes were unused, being the full value of those tickets, without retaining a farthing of the commission to which they were entitled by the conditions of their sale.

The story of the growth of this great house reads like a romance. During the British occupation of Egypt, on the revolt of Arabi Pasha, the Cooks patriotically undertook to transport men, munitions and stores on the Nile, for the bare cost of so doing, and fulfilled the conditions to the utmost satisfaction of the British Government. They had at one time over fifty steamers carrying coal from Newcastle to Alexandria. In Palestine and Syria they have tents and camp equipments sufficient for a thousand persons at one time, and often have from 700 to 1,000 animals engaged at once. Mr. Gladstone, among the characteristics of the Victorian era, specifically mentions the facilities for travel secured by this great tourist agency. If, as Bacon says, travel is a part of education, this firm has been one of the greatest educators of the century. They have, as it were, caused a notable shrinkage in the dimensions of the globe, brought the far-off places near, and made it possible to visit with safety and comfort almost every part of the world.

The Miracles of Missions; or, Modern Miracles in the History of Missionary Enterprise. By ARTHUR T. PIERSON. New York, London and Toronto: Funk & Wagnalls. Methodist Book Rooms: Toronto, Montreal and Halifax. Price, cloth $1.00, paper 35c.

Dr. Pierson has won world-wide fame as one of the most active and energetic of living missionary advocates. He has edited with conspicuous ability the *Missionary Review*, and since Mr. Spurgeon's illness has been supplying in the London tabernacle. In the present volume he collects a number of charming studies of missionary heroes and martyrs. He gives twelve studies of missionary heroes in different parts of the world—stories of as remarkable adventure and noble achievement as were ever recorded. We have been so impressed with the value of this book that we have sent it to one of the most accomplished and active members of the Woman's Missionary Society of our Church for a fuller review, and for citation of some of the stirring facts which it sets forth.

The Pastor's Ready Reference Record of Sunday Services for Fifty Years. By REV. WM. D. GRANT. Large quarto, over 100 pp. Cloth, $1.50. New York, London, and Toronto: Funk & Wagnalls Company.

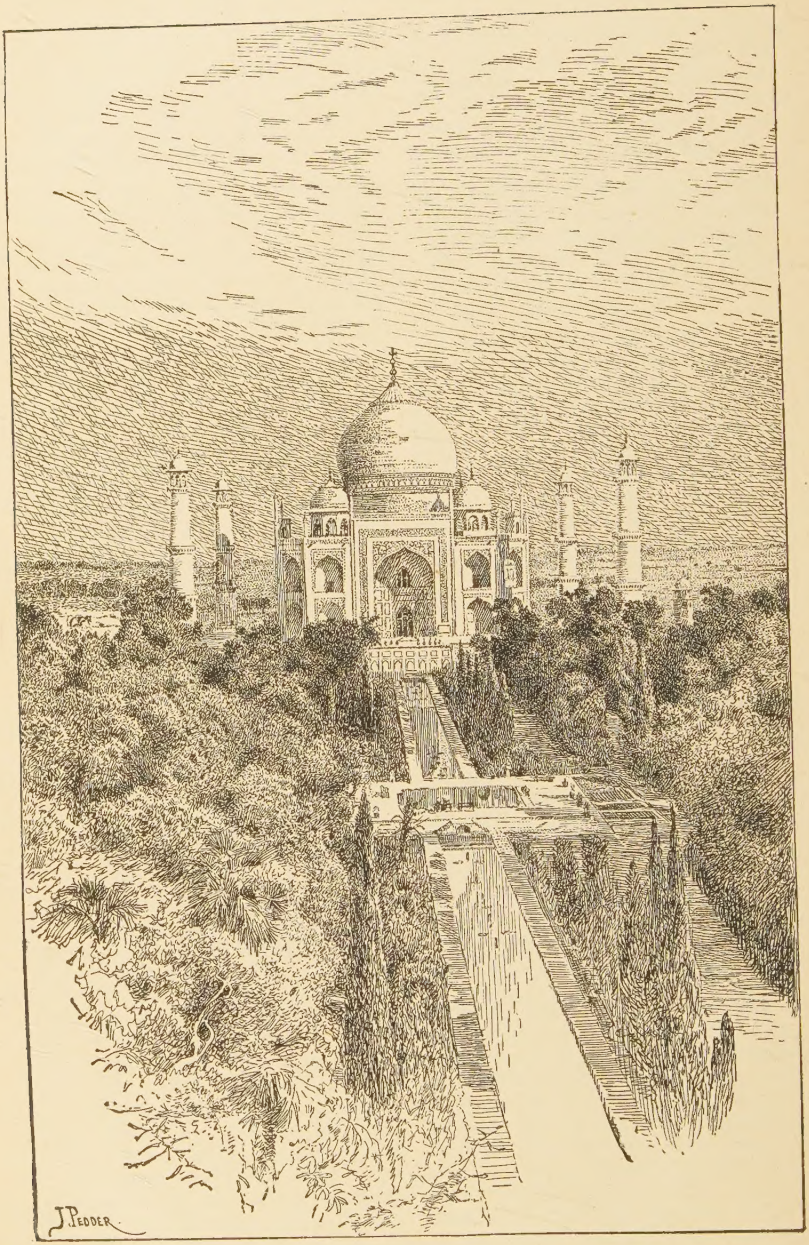
The matter of keeping a ready reference record of Sunday services has proven, though a comparatively simple subject, a troublesome one to satisfactorily provide for. Hitherto no really practical and valuable plan has been presented to the large army of pastors needing one, and the proverbial "long-felt want" has been the result. Why? Simply because the right idea has been lacking in those who have attempted to fill it. The one great desideratum to an inventor in his study and progress in his pursuit of success is to avoid complications, superabundance of factors or of parts, and to obtain simplicity, practicability, usefulness, merit, and value. As a rule, however, these features are the most difficult to attain, and generally come only at the last, after a considerable expenditure of time and money in pulling down and remodeling; each time coming nearer to that practical simplicity which marks the genius of all the most valuable of modern inventions.

The Oldest Drama in the World: The Book of Job Arranged in Dramatic Form, with Elucidations. By the REV. ARTHUR WALLS. New York: Hunt & Eaton. Toronto: William Briggs. Price 60c.

It is said that Carlyle was once asked to conduct worship in a Scottish family, and that he read the whole book of Job through at a sitting. It is only by reading it as a whole, as we did one Sunday morning, that one gets an adequate conception of its dramatic force and unity. Our author has adopted the bold plan of presenting this volume in a series of acts and scenes in which the interlocutors in the book have their entrances and exits, their soliloquies and their dialogues and trialogues in the manner of a Shakespearian drama. We cannot say that we altogether like the experiment, although its novelty may quicken interest, and its careful study will doubtless throw considerable light upon obscure passages in this oldest drama in the world. The book has a number of interesting illustrations.

LITERARY NOTE.

The Critical Review of Theological and Philosophical Literature, edited by S. D. F. SALMOND, D.D., published by T. & T. Clark, Edinburgh, and Presbyterian News Co., Toronto, enters upon its second year with an admirable number of 112 pages, well printed, for 50 cents. There are articles by Principal Fairbairn, Professors Whitehouse, Ryle, Davidson, Milligan, McAllister, Marcus Dods, G. G. Findlay, Rev. James Stalker, Professors Stuart, Gibb, Everach and others, with copious book notices—the cheapest and one of the most scholarly reviews for preachers that we know.



THE TAJ MAHAL, AGRA—VIEWED FROM THE SUMMIT OF THE GATEWAY.